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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Some things there might have been
Had our dear child not died.
We count them up and cull them o'er,
We weigh the less against the more,
The joys she never knew or shared,
The bitter woes forever spared,
The dangers turned aside—
Heaven's full security—and then
Perplexed we sigh—all might have been.

We might have seen her sweet cheeks glow
With love's own happy bloom.
Her eyes with maiden gladness full
Finding the whole world beautiful;
We might have seen the joyance fail,
The dear face sadden and grow pale
The smiles fade into gloom,
Love's sun grow dim and sink again—
Either of these it might have been.

We might have seen her with the crown
Of wifehood on her head,
A queen of home's fair sovereignties
With little children at her knees;
Or, broken hearted and alone
Bereft and widowed of her own
Mourning beside her dead,
This thing or that, beyond our ken,
It might have been, it might have been.

There is no need of question now
No doubts, or risks, or fears;
Safe folded in the Eternal care,
Grown fairer each day and more fair,
With radiance in the clear young eyes
Which in cool depths of Paradise
Look without stain of tears,
Reading the Lord's intent, and then
Smiling to think what might have been.

We too will smile, oh dearest child:
Our dull souls may not know
The deep things hidden from mortal sense
Which find thy heavenly confidence,
On the one sure thought can we rest,
That God has chosen for thee the best,
Or else it were not so,
He called thee back to Heaven again
Because he knew what might have been.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY KATHARINE R. LOCKWOOD.

"We shall have to take her," said Miss Nancy White.

"It seems so hard. We never *could* get on with Sister 'Liza, and this is her child; and like mother, like daughter," said Mrs. Betty White Brown.

"Do you suppose one loaf of bread a day will be enough now?"

"It depends upon how much the child eats. You know we generally have the nose left over for Harmony." Harmony Charity was the colored neighbor, former slave and faithful friend of the ancient ladies of whom I write.

"If Mr. Schmidt knew, I am sure he would send us two or three rolls extra."

"Oh, Nancy! how can you?"

Mrs. Brown was the active partner in this venerable concern, and being more self-supporting, was more alive to maxims of self-respect, than her sister, who had been taken care of for so many, many years now that she had ended by taking this care for granted. Mr. Schmidt was the Port Royal baker years ago (thirty at least). His father and predecessor had requested permission to send Mrs. Brown—just widowed—and her sister a daily loaf of his renowned twist. In process of time Mr. Schmidt No. 1 was gathered his fathers, but the twist still continued to come. After mutual consultation Mrs. Brown nerved herself to go to Mr. Schmidt No. 2 on the subject. It would be horrible should he send in his bill, and they find themselves without the means of meeting it. Something of this the burly, rosy faced baker gathered from the shy, small old lady, who unburdened herself to him of her quandary with much hesitation. "It was what you might call a token of friendship on your father's part, Mr. Schmidt, but we are unwilling to impose on *your* generosity. It was different with your father: he served with my pa for years in the same regiment, which accounted for his interest in *us*."

"I hope there's no falling off in the twist, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh dear no—oh no, indeed. It's lovely bread."

"I should like to keep on a-sending it, Mrs. Brown. A man takes a satisfaction in keepin' up his father's good habits. You wouldn't be a-mortifyin' of an old friend?"

"Oh, certainly not. You are worthy to be your father's son. Sister Nancy and I are very much obliged to you, I'm sure;" and Mrs. Brown trotted home again, ate her share of the twist in peace after that, and, as I said, bestowed the nose of it at least, the day after, upon Harmonia Charity. Alas that twist should all at once prove not enough to go around! "Girls do eat so much!" was Miss Nancy's concluding reflection on the subject.

That night the girl arrived—their niece, sister 'Liza's only child. Sister 'Liza having been twenty years her junior, and her daughter being the child of her old age, Virginia Lovelace *might* have been our ladies' grandchild. The 'bus dropped her and her trunk at her aunts', having picked her up at the steamboat wharf. She was a tall, graceful, pretty girl. But her relatives looked dismayed at her behind a chink in their window-shutter. She was *so* tall! There was so much of her! It would take so much to keep her! She was not bringing a cent's contribution to their exchequer. How on earth should they manage? Mrs. Brown went out to receive her, trembling with nervous apprehensions, but still with a smile of welcome on her pleasant withered lips that was heroic under the circumstances. The stage driver dumped down the trunk (a mammouth Saratoga) just inside the pretty little yard, gay with wild daisies and buttercups, and the honeysuckles and roses catholic in Port Royal. Virginia stood staring about her, bewildered and wretched, the lonesome orphan of a month, and hating the country and country towns. She should have sufficiently retained her senses to ask the driver to carry her trunk in-doors, but she did not, and she had already paid its expressage, the man ignored any further responsibility. Mrs. Brown, still trembling, craned her neck to kiss her niece; but Virginia, always absent-minded, and now on the verge of tears, heeded not. Mrs. Brown was driven to request the embrace. "Kiss me my child; I am your aunt Betty." And Virginia's lofty head being lowered, Mrs. Brown realized with some relief that her face was soft and childish, when you once got to its height, with lovely sad, sad brown eyes, and red, red lips, and a stainless skin—not the least in the world like sister 'Liza, or any other tidy, common-place White, this slender, lofty, picturesque maiden, with tumbled hair and tumbled linen duster.

Mrs. Brown took her by the hand and conducted her to Miss Nancy, also quivering with painful anticipations. This time Virginia remembered to stoop and kiss her kinswoman.

"Perhaps Mr. Visavis would carry in the trunk for her?" gasped Miss Nancy, too full of anxiety on that score to condescend to concealment. Mr. Visavis was the barber of Port Royal and the *bete noire* of our heroines, who had within the last year built and installed himself in the low blue frame across the way.

But Mrs. Brown knew their neighbor would do nothing for love, and glanced at Virginia. She, however, had dropped into a chair by the window, and was staring out, hearing but not heeding. She had reached her destination, and was now in her aunt's care, and had resigned every care, pecuniary or otherwise, to them. Mrs. Brown considered an instant, then bravely rose to the level of the occasion. She would sacrifice on the altar of this unexpected emergency the ten-cent piece in her pocket, with which she had proposed to purchase the week's tea. These ladies were fabulously, incredibly poor. "I will see about it," she said, unflinchingly. Still Virginia stirred not. It did not enter within the dreams of her philosophy that her aunt had not servants—one at least—to do her bidding. In her experience people always did have servants. So, by hook or by crook, Virginia's Saratoga trunk got carried upstairs, in accomplishing which little Mrs. Brown fell foul—or rather fair—of her next-door neighbor, Harmonia Charity. In fact, Harmony (as she was called by her intimates) stood dangling a bunch of spots (a small but delicious fish indigenous to those waters) in her doorway as Mrs. Brown crossed the dusty street to the barber's. I's gwine fry you some for supper, Mis' Betty. So de chile done come?" Mrs. Betty nodded lugubriously, whereat faithful, clever Harmony divined the situation without further words.

Meantime Miss Nancy was saying, "Turn the slats of the shutters if you choose; they are moveable," she at one window, her niece at the other, of the little sitting room of the old ladies' four-roomed cottage, giving on the barber shop—an arrangement which ended in becoming habitual with the two.

"Thank you, aunt Nancy; I like to look out."

"It used to be pleasant enough to look out, but since this Visavis built there it isn't so nice. And he sees in so. It was awful until we got the shutters."

"Yes, one does need them in the country. Mamma always inquired if there were moveable slats in the shutters in writing for country board."

"It was not that exactly. This isn't country, of course; Port Royal is quite a place, with the fort and all. But that barber stared so. So—just think, my dear!—one night one of the ladies came in, carrying—what do you suppose?—these shutters between them. They made a regular frolic of it. And they put them up themselves. Since then we have slept the hottest nights through."

"Did he stare more in hot weather?"

"No, no; not that. But we are always afraid to go to sleep with the windows wide open. When it got very hot we would get up and open the windows. But now we pull the shutters to and go to bed and sleep in peace, and it is perfectly safe."

"And you never asked to have them?"

"Goodness! no, not till the barber came. What would have been the use?"

"Nancy," inquired Mrs. Betty, entering, have you shown dear pa to Virginia?"

Miss Nancy half rose, but Mrs. Betty rebuked her practically by doing the honors herself. Dear pa was in silhouette, full length. It was evident from his trappings, put on in gilt, doubtless ... extra, by the artist, that he had been a captain in the army. It was difficult for Virginia to receive an impression from a silhouette; but she did her best. "Colonel Delancy, a great friend of your pa's, was here the other day, and said it was a wonderful likeness, and strikingly resembled sister Nancy," said Mrs. Brown, replacing the portrait on the mantle-shelf.

"But here comes Harmony with the fish."

"Fish!" cried Miss Nancy, brightening up.

Virginia, however, accepted them with *sangfroid*, and ate them with indifference, if with appetite. Her *nonchalance* attracted Harmony, at any rate. There are those born to serve who never object to indifference, even if pushed to the verge of ingratitude. The fish were delicious, although Virginia secretely sighed, and had hoped for soft-shelled crabs and strawberries, both of which she had learned were products of this locality. Toward the close of the meal a carriage rumbled up to the door.

"Quick! quick! Unveil the carpet sister!" cried Miss Nancy, ever alert. Whereupon Mrs. Brown rolled together in awinkling the drugget which covered the sitting room floor, and disclosed a pretty ingrain carpet. Fortunately Harmony was still there, and helped to effect the disappearance of the drugget in a wink as aforesaid. The three ladies had concluded their meal of tea and bread and butter and fish in their sitting room, Mrs. Brown making preparations with dexterous hands.

The visitor proved a grand personage, but charming and re-assuring as personages are wont to be. The wife of the General Delancy who had known pa in days lang syne, and who, on a brief visit to Port Royal, had heard of our old ladies with the instinctive pity of great hearts. There were absolutely no eyes in this lady's head while the litter of tea things was being removed by loyal Harmony. Afterward she was shown dear pa's silhouette. Then she listened with flattering intentness to the old ladies' prattle. Then she bustled away, smiling and beautiful, leaving an envelope in Mrs. Brown's hand. As the showy carriage rumbled down the dusty lane, Mrs. Brown opened the envelope. "Five dollars!" she cried. "Oh, sister Nancy, five dollars! What could have put it into her head?"

"Someone put it into her head most likely;" and sister Nancy clasped her hands, quite forgetting Virginia, whose color came and went. Were her relations so very poor? Even mamma hadn't been so poor; she had had her pension as the widow of an officer. The bread and butter she had eaten began to stick in her throat. But somehow she felt so strange and unfamiliar she could make no sign. And somehow, too, these aunts did not seem to like her. She could not help feeling it was a great relief to them presently when she was taken upstairs to bed. She was given the room over the parlor. The back room down-stairs was a bed-room, the room over that the kitchen.

"It saves trouble in the end," said Mrs. Brown, always communicative. "Sister Nancy is sick half the time, and there would be no end to the going up and down stairs if she slept upstairs. And with the kitchen there, there is no extra work except my carrying the water up and down for washing."

"Washing! Do you do the washing?" She was so little, and Virginia knew her to be a gentlewoman, and—seventy-five!

"To be sure. And the *white*washing too. I whitewashed the parlor to-day, and took up the carpet, and beat it, and put in pepper. So I have a right to be tired. Good-night, my dear. Sleep well;" and she kissed her and went.

It would seem that Virginia Lovelace must have had a heart of iron not to be happy, not to have found her niche in such a centre of unselfish activity. But all the same she did not. What though Port Royal was in the garden spot of the world? What though summer reigned there for nine months of the year, crowded with roses, lusty with fatness? Virginia was miserable.

One alleviating circumstance in her life was that she acquired a lover soon after her arrival. This was Dixon Page, familiarly known as Dixey through Port Royal, and the son of a well-to-do lawyer there. Virginia had accompanied her aunts to Sunday school, not because she had the smallest intention of teaching, but simply because she did not want to be left alone in the empty cottage. The Sunday school was taught in the back part of the beautiful little church, burned in war times, restored since as nearly as possible in the likeness of its ancient self. Dear! dear! how old everything was! Virginia thought, sitting on the myrtle-grown grave-stone in the church-yard, while her aunts toiled over the catechism within-doors. And how soon everything and everybody grew old in Port Royal! Her aunts, for instance. They might be a hundred for their looks. To be sure they were over seventy, which was old enough in all conscience. But the girl wondered how soon her youth would fade out in this ancient town, and she be wizened toothless, bent. As she sat thus meditating, Miss Nancy tripped up up to her and laid a hand on her shoulder. "My dear, this is our friend Mr. Page. My niece, Miss Lovelace, Mr. Page."

Virginia smiled faintly into Dixey's honest, florid face, which, however, emboldened him sufficiently to induce him to take a seat beside her on her tomb-stone, and to open a conversation of commonplaces with her. Miss Nancy trotted back into the church to say a word of final admonition, which had just occurred to her, to the black sheep of her flock. (Miss Nancy was only brisk and energetic for this one hour once a week.)

Mr. Page sat in the same pew with the old ladies and Miss Lovelace that day during service, and afterward escorted Virginia home over the very short distance that lay between the church and the cottage. The old ladies were quite fluttered by his attentions. "What a well-behaved young man Dixey is," they exclaimed, as soon as he was gone.

"And brought up in the country too," commented Virginia, never in luck.

"In the country! Not at all. Brought up right here in Port Royal," cried Miss Nancy, with some heat, to whom Port Royal was the world.

"Oh!" said Virginia.

It was some time before the girl, with her want of tact and want of adaptability, gathered in the full sense of her new home. Even when she comprehended its absolute, naked poverty, she was slow in taking hold of things with a helping hand. She suffered in consequence; she suffered ... pangs of ... and shyness. But her aunts no more understood her than she did them. It was clear to her mind that it was always a relief to them to get her out of the way. When night came and she said, "I think I will go to bed," Miss Nancy breathed almost an audible sigh of relief, and Mrs. Brown would brighten up visibly. Virginia would have spent far more of her time in her own room than she did had it not been so intolerably hot just under the roof. Besides, she had never been accustomed to sit by herself. As a rule, she spent her days staring across the street at the barber's shop and its customers, coming and going without exchanging many words with her aunts. But she liked to know they were there. Virginia was not peculiar, among persons of her own age and bringing up, in her horror of solitude.

Once or twice, after much reflection, she made up her mind that she would be more sociable with her aunts, and *make* them like her, which she felt they were far from doing now as the case stood now, but she did not carry out her point in the right way. Her aunts had no fancy for her kind of sociability, which proved a dismal failure.

For instance, one hot afternoon she brought her one pillow down from her own room, and helping herself to the two on her aunts' bed, proceded to make herself comfortable with the pile of them on the foot of the old ladies' bed. Thus cushioned, she and her mother used to gossip: perhaps her aunts would relax under similar circumstances. She would make Aunt Nancy try how comfortable three pillows could make one, and how much better it was than sitting bolt-upright on a stiff chair all day. But the very first look at Miss Nancy's face when that lady caught sight of Virginia undeceived the latter. "Good gracious!" the old lady cried, and turned her back on the girl, resuming her usual rigid seat in the front room, where, as a rule, she adorned one window, Virginia the other. Presently Mrs. Brown entered from the washing of the dinner dishes. "Couldn't you find another pillow, Virginia?" she asked, satirically. Virginia was fain to replace her aunts' pillows, and steal back to her own room with the best grace she could muster after that crusher.

"Did you ever see such a lazy girl? And so inconsiderate!" the old ladies cried in chorus as she beat her retreat. And later her mistake was emphasized to her by the display of the purloined pillows ostentatiously aired for hours on the bit of grass in the little back yard. Virginia was sent to bring these in at sundown. "Bedding cannot be aired too long, especially if it has been used during the day—a thing we have never been accustomed to," said Mrs. Brown pointedly.

To all of which Dixey Page was undeniably a solace. For he came to see Virginia of an evening, took her out driving semi-occasionally in a hired buggy, and treated her to ice-cream three times a week—sensible alleviations to the discomfort of any normal feminine mind.

But Virginia's woes were only alleviated, after all, not *cured*. It was a temporary relief to eat strawberry cream and peach cream in their respective seasons, but she would return from these relaxations with a heavy a heart as ever, and feel herself, after an evening's maundering talk with Dixey Page, as uncomprehended, as friendless, as forlorn, as had ever been her case on the day of her first arrival at Port Royal.

Suddenly the horizon brightened. I have incidentally mentioned the garrison of this place. One lovely sunset afternoon Virginia was strolling in lonesome fashion around the sea-wall which girded this place, when a belted, epauletted, and mustached handsome young artillery officer passed her rapidly on the sands, giving her a keen, quick look. The next Sunday at church he gave her the same look. And the next Sunday the commanding officer of the fort, who knew Mrs. Brown slightly, presented the young man, first to the aunt, and then to the niece. Certainly Lieutenant Roger Carlyle had managed very diplomatically; and once having obtained a foot-hold, his acquaintance with beautiful Virginia progressed rapidly. He sought her in season and out of season. His impetuous love-making, and Virginia's tell-tale smiles and blushes in receiving it, maddened Dixey Page to the verge of a declaration, which Virginia prettily fenced off as long as might be, then (fencing no longer possible) refused his as gracefully as in her lay.

Meantime he had taken the old ladies into his confidence. All the wrath and all the displeasure thus far treasured up on Virginia's score, and harbored against her by her aunts, was now directed against her head on hearing Dixey's tale. For had they not seen her encourage him? And did they not know that the dear boy would never get over this disappointment? Virginia was positively driven (or thought she was) to accept Lieutenant Carlyle in consequence after a brief acquaintance of two weeks. To precipitate matters still farther, Lieutenant Carlyle was ordered away at that very crisis to a distant Western post. Would his darling Virginia go with him? In his lonesomeness and distress his darling Virginia would.

The old ladies were greatly scandalized and disgusted at the suddenness and unexpectedness of the engagement and marriage following closely thereupon. But they controlled themselves, to use a favorite phrase of Miss Nancy's, who prided herself on so doing. They set to and helped Virginia do the little sewing, which, even in the circumstances of these pauper ladies, seemed to become the occasion. Afterward they helped Virginia pack her trunk—the huge Saratoga, in which her belongings shook about for lack of sufficient ballast of other necessaries. But, after all, the size of the trunk reassured the old ladies as it was carried out of the house. It reassured them on the score of Virginia. Unless appearances were even more than usually deceitful, she left them amply provided with bridal raiment.

It must be confessed that when the marriage service had been properly read, and the bride had been handed into the hack waiting at the church door, and driven to the steamer, the bride's ancient aunts breathed a sigh of relief. Their unwelcome guest was gone. They had done their duty by her, and they had been rewarded accordingly. The incubus was lifted. But they did not miss her in the least. She had not succeeded in making herself in the smallest degree useful or necessary to them. On the contrary, they breathed freer now that they could, as before, send in the ... to ... and could each devour a wing of their occasional chicken without a misgiving that Virginia might prefer wings to legs. Moreover, Virginia had never been able to clean her own room to the satisfaction of her aunts. Now that room might remain locked up from year's end to year's end, and no necessity arise for either dusting or sweeping. At over seventy such exemption is grateful.

In a word, it was as though our old ladies of Port Royal had had a bad dream from which they had had a timely, providential awakening.

Time went by. It would seem as though it would be next to impossible for ladies so thin, so bent, so wrinkled, to grow any older. But as a matter of fact these ancient dames drifted on toward eighty, cheerful, interested in life, grateful for the good offices of their friends. Oh, such a squeeze as it was for them sometimes to get themselves clothed and fed! But their "pa" had been a kindly genial soul, who had left them scores of friends. Succeeding sets of officers' families at the fort, who had either known old Captain White or whose grandfathers or granduncles had known him, warmed into active interest for dear pa's daughters.

One year the ladies at the garrison clubbed together and paid their grocer's bill, which had sadly accummulated during a certain six months of illness and tedious, expensive convalescence of Miss Nancy's. The post doctor, in succession of detail, was their doctor. Any one of the long line would have scorned to hand in a bill to Miss Nancy or Miss Betty. "Our pa's" gilded silhouette was a perpetual, unconscious reminder on his daughter's mantel shelf of the fact that years of faithful service on his part had entitled his children to certain perquisites until his daughters came finally to consider themselves wards of the government and entitled to its privileges.

So respectable and clean and decent the sisters were always that every now and then some kind soul hesitated as to the suitability of this or that gift. Once Colonel Daingerfield's wife brought Mrs. Brown a black cashmere gown which one of the fort ladies had laid aside. "Would you mind wearing it? It is quite nice. But Mrs. Nicholson is tired of it," remarked pretty Mrs. Daingerfield, apologetically.

Mrs. Brown almost wept. Mrs. Daingerfield had unpinned the cashmere bundle, and laid its contents across Mrs. Brown's lap. Mrs. Brown stared first at the speaker, then at the gift. Her voice broke.

"Sister," she cried, turning to Miss Nancy, "Mrs. Daingerfield says Mrs. Nicholson was tired of it. Only think! Look at it! Tired of this!"

Afterward Mrs. Daingerfield had fewer scruples in bringing contributions to their slender store.

But, after all, most army people live from hand to mouth, and each set as it left the fort would only leave behind it a legacy of good will to the old ladies. So far their strength kept up marvellously, and they were not bedridden; but the day might come perhaps, undoubtedly would come, when Mrs. Brown could no longer work with her hands, and Miss Nancy no longer contrive and plan with her sister to make both ends meet. Various army ladies had had various plans for getting up a little fund for "dear pa's" daughters, but nothing had come of these. Finally one army lady carried out these various schemes at one bold stroke.

One afternoon in June Miss Nancy sat by the open window knitting one of the perpetual stockings that either clothed her and her sister's extremities, or else served as souvenirs to kind friends; in the middle of the room Mrs. Brown was pouring out two cups of tea to be dispensed with dry pieces of twist, the family funds being too low at that present to supply butter. Both ladies were too fully engrossed in their several occupations to observe the clicking of the little garden gate, or the sound of a quick step up their garden walk and on their front door step. Nor did either aunt recognize Virginia Carlyle until she had named herself as she darkened the parlor doorway, and filled it—the tall, handsome creature!

There was no constraint nor pause in the conversation that ensued, so much had Virginia to impart in the hour she had given herself for this visit, between the arrival of a train and the departure of a steamer. She told the old ladies frankly how happy she had been in her marriage. Then she paused. "We have resigned from the army," she said. "Did we ever tell you Roger was of Scotch descent? Well, he is. His greatuncle died in Glasgow the other day, and left Roger all he had: the family place in the Highlands, and a city house, and lots of money. Isn't it nice! and we never expected it. so we are going to the old country for good. But I had to tell you, and bid you good-by first. Isn't it forlorn and curions?—but you are all I have in the world! Now I want you to accept this little keepsake. Don't look at it till I've gone, and then remember how much obliged to you both Roger and I are for taking me in as you did when mamma died. Dear! dear!—there's the boat's whistle. I must rush. Kiss me, Aunt Betty. Kiss me, Aunt Nancy. I know I tried you awfully, but I didn't mean to. I couldn't help being horrid. But Roger has improved me—indeed he has. Here is the keepsake. Wait to look at it till the boat is well out of sight." And she was gone.

They did wait. They were conscientious old ladies—patient, too for the matter of that. And what Virginia left them was worth the waiting for, as it proved. It was a Government bond for two thousand dollars. To them this meant riches.

In spite of this accession of wealth an officer's wife at the fort still bequeaths them, when ordered away, an occasional half worn gown. The other day Sergeant Good's wife sent Miss Nancy her last year's black chip bonnet. This was so limp, however, that it had to be done up before even Miss Nancy could wear it, and she has not been fully able to rake and scrape together the sixty cents necessary for that purpose. Meantime she considers the bonnet as so much substantial bank stock. And over and above these chance charities is always the two-thousand dollar bond, yielding its certain return. The old ladies cannot feel sufficiently thankful. So well off, indeed, do they consider themselves that when Dixey Page married a wife last month they made her a two-pound black cake as a contribution to her housekeeping. "Poor Dixey!" sighed Mrs. Brown. "It ... him to eat it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BISHOP IRELAND ON THE SALOON EVIL.—The Right Rev. John Ireland, a distinguished Roman Catholic Bishop, in a late address, in which he ably and earnestly advocated total abstinence and the suppression of the rum traffic, referring to the injurious results of the saloon evil among the Irish people in America says:

"Our disgrace and our misfortune in America is the number of Irish saloon keepers. I blush for the old race whenever I walk along the streets of our cities and read over the doorways Irish names prefacing so seldom the words 'Bank,' 'Commission House,' Dry Goods Store,' so often the words 'Saloon,' 'Wines and Liquors,' 'Imported Liquors.' To what base uses noble names have come!

"Compute in any one city the sums of money spent by Irishmen in Irish saloons and you will be affrighted. In one Western city of America there are 1,500 saloons kept by Irishmen for the benefit of Irishmen. Allow the average receipts of each saloon to be $15 per day, you have an annual expenditure for liquor by the Irish of that city of $8,212,500. Add to these sums the value of time lost through drink, of wages unearned because men visit saloons, and $12,000,000 per annum is not too high a figure to represent the annual losses to the Irish of one city. Repeat the calculation with due proportion from St. Paul to New York, from Boston to Philadelphia, and you will know why we are poor. It is idle talk to advise the people to secure homes of their own, to leave the crowded cities, to gain by labor and economy a competence for themselves and their families: we must lay the axe to the root of the evil, first teaching them to shun the saloon, which is swallowing up their earnings."

HE KNEW.

Dramatis Personæ—Conceited Young Minister. Pretty Girl. Two students named respectively Welsh and Townsend.

Pretty Girl (who wishes to give Young Minister a cut)—Mr. Welsh, here is a word I would like you to pronounce for me. It is spelled bac—ka—che.

My Welsh (who is party to the plot)—nothing would delight me more than to oblige you, but I am not conversant with the modern European languages. Townsend perhaps you can assist Miss May. (Gives Townsend a wink.)

T—No; I lament deplorable ignorance.

Young Minister—Ahem! Pardon me Miss May, but I think that is a French word, is it not?

Pretty Girl—I do not know sir, I am sure.

Young Minister—Let me see. Bac—ka—che. I think the proper pronunciation must be bah—kah—sha.

Pretty Girl—Excuse me, sir; I divided the word wrongly. It is spelled b-a-c-k-a-c-h-e. I believe that is usually pronounced *back-ache.*

(Tableau.)

The desert rose, though never seen by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely good.
The ocean gem, though 'neath the rolling main,
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

Think not thy work and worth are all unknown,
Because no partial penmen paint thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but God will own
Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways.

Celia Thaxter, the poetess, was the daughter of Thomas B. Leighton, who lived on the Isle of Shoals. One summer young Thaxter, an invalid, came to the island and loved the seaside lass. Her father ordered him away, but he built a hut near by and declared he would live there until his sweetheart was of age. Finally the stern father relented.

For the Bucks County Gazette.

ABOUT LONDON.

BY CHARLES EARL HELLINGS.

London is the largest and grandest city in the world. However it is not a pleasant city for an American to reside in for any length of time; owing to the gloomy character of the weather. Only now and then the genial rays of the glorious sun are reflected o'er the great city, which is generally overshadowed by dark, lowering clouds; and you know not what moment the flood-gates of heaven may be opened upon you. It is not safe to go out without an umbrella, unless you are desirous of receiving a good drenching. Many Americans labor under the delusion that umbrellas can be purchased in London at low figures. The silk umbrella offered for thirty shillings ($7.50) can be purchased in America for five dollars. Clothing is much cheaper in England than in the United States. When I was returning from my recent trip to London, an American gentleman showed me an overcoat which he purchased a few days prior to his departure for a trifle over eight dollars. The same coat in the States would have cost twenty dollars. I examined it closely and found it to be of good material and well made. I remarked to my friend that I liked it much better than the one I had on, which cost twenty-five dollars in Philadelphia.

In regard to conveniences, the London hotels are far surpassed by the American hotels. The elevator is almost unknown, and gas is only used in a few of the most prominent hotels. Candles are used almost universally. There is so much form and ceremony about everything. You pay so much for lodging; extra for the use of the parlor or sitting-room; so much for attendance, although you are expected to fee the servants liberally. You are not compelled to get your meals at the hotel, unless it is breakfast, which you cannot secure until near nine o'clock. After you have given your order you are compelled to wait for about half an hour. You always have to ask for a napkin, or a glass of water. The waiters move around in a mechanical manner. They do not seem to be possessed of any animation whatever. They are slow and deliberate in all their movements.

English people are great drinkers. In some streets almost every other place of business is a drinking saloon. We can safely say very little water is used to quench thirst in London. Beer is used by all classes of people. Children learn to drink it as soon as they are able to walk. You can get a large mug of beer for tup pence (four cents).

It takes 11,000 policemen to govern the city, which contains 25,000 known criminals. If a man is well educated, and in good physical condition, he can get on the police force without any political influence. The men present a fine appearance, and treat those who ask for information courteously, which is more than can be said of New York or Philadelphia policemen. It seems to be a ... They never ... handling their prisoners.

The fire department of the city is very primitive, when put in comparison with the New York or Philadelphia fire departments.

The method of rapid transit by the underground railway deserves much commendation. Trains run about every five minutes, to all prominent parts of the city, from stations along the lines. The fares are very reasonable, and tens of thousands of persons daily avail themselves of this method of transit. Ten thousand cabs and two thousand omnibuses do a flourishing business. The steamboats are always crowded. You can ride for several miles for a few pence, and obtain a magnificent view of the river front. Somersett House presents a grand appearance from the deck of a steamer. The current of the Thames is very strong, and the steamers dash along at a high rate of speed. The Thames embankment extends north and south for several miles. Cleopatra's Needle attracts much attention.

I admire the manner in which the streets are paved, with asphalt or square blocks of wood. Cobble stones are not used. The leading thoroughfares are kept very clean. The street known as Rotten Row is only used by the Queen, or members of the Royal family. It runs through Hyde Park, which contains 388 acres. The famous Albert Memorial commands a prominent position in the Park.

The Zoological Garden occupies a portion of Regent's Park, which contains 472 acres. The grounds are laid out artistically, and the buildings are spacious. Everything is arranged in the most systematic style. The animals on exhibition present a fine appearance, and the cages are kept very clean. The garden was opened in the year 1812. The Botanical Gardens are also situated in Regent's Park.

The American Exchange is a great resort for Americans in London. It is located on the Strand, near Trafalgar Square, which is about the centre of the city. All the prominent American papers are kept on file. Members of the Exchange pay five shillings ($1.25) a month.

Among the prominent London newspapers I can mention *The Times, Daily Telegraph, Standard, Pall Mall Gazette*, and *St. James Gazette*. The above-named journals are the moulders of public opinion. They devote little space to American news. Six cents is the price of single copies of the *Times*. In my opinion the New York *Herald* is a much better newspaper, and it is sold at one-half the price. The *Herald* office is situated on Fleet street. It is visited by many Americans. I inscribed my name in the registering book and secured a copy of the paper. The Detroit *Free Press* is published in London, at two cents a copy.

I was much impressed with the majestic grandeur of Windsor Castle. I had no difficulty in securing a pass to enter the castle. I was allowed to inspect ten State apartments. I lingered for some time in the throne room. I wondered how the Queen looked when seated on the beautiful throne, surrounded by all the pomp and vanity of the occasion. The walls of many of the apartments are embellished with magnificent specimens of Gobelin tapestry. In the grand vestibule I viewed a grand statute of the Queen, with her favorite dog "Sharp," executed in fine statuary marble by Boehm. The ceiling of the State ante-room is painted by Verrio, and represents a banquet of the Gods. The Zuccarelli room contains nine large paintings by that master. The "Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," and the "Finding of Moses," are truly magnificent specimens. It was on the reputation of the first-named picture that Zuccarelli rested his fame. The grand reception room is ornamented in the style of Louis XIV. The walls are embellished with specimens of Gobelin tapestry, representing the story of Jason and Medea. The guard chamber contains a splendid collection of arms and armour. I was conducted through the royal stables and coach houses, and viewed the beautiful grey and bay carriage and saddle horses used by Her Majesty and the royal family. The names of some of the horses: Progress, Foxglove, Faust, Folly, Dinorah, Fairfax, Fairplay, Fantee, Bule, Fraulein, Bluebell, Profit, Buscuit, Cloister, Jessie and Cracknell.

Atlantic Ocean, Steamship Erin,
August 25, 1883.

FEAR OF THE DENTIST.

Ten thousand dentists, whose thriving business attests badness of American teeth, meet with amusing adventures when they encounter those who are suffering from what Burns calls the "grim, mischief-making chiel" that makes "mankind aft dance a reel." A Chicago reporter describes some of these experiences, as they were reported to him by several dentists of that city:

"We encounter more that is ridiculous in the extraction of teeth than in any other branch of the profession," said a dentist.

"Why, I have had great strong men come into my office with the intention of having a tooth extracted; and at the sight of the instrument actually turn and run—yes, run, as if the angel of death had suddenly appeared before them.

"On the other hand I have seen frail-looking little women come in, and without a word or look that would indicate any timidity, take a seat and undergo the operation with scarcely a sign of fear.

"Men and women of large stature as a general rule, make more fuss than smaller men and women, and women exhibit less fear than men.

"Some very amusing incidents occur during the practice of a dentist. For instance, not long since a prominent lawyer, being greatly annoyed by an aching tooth, decided to have it out; so, mustering up courage, he went to a well-known dentist and told him he required his services.

"The lawyer took the chair and the dentist got everything in readiness, when the lawyer spoke up and said, 'I am going to faint,' and he did.

"Nevertheless, the tooth was extracted, and the loss of blood bringing him to consciousness, the dentist asked him if it was a common thing for him to faint, and receiving an affirmative answer, said that the fact of his fainting had removed the necessity of his administering gas."

A STRANGE FUNERAL.—One of the strangest funerals on record was that of Dr. J. S. Ford, of Hagerstown, Indiana, which occured at West Sonora, Ohio, two weeks ago, and of which a dispatch account: "He died of heart disease, after being bedfast three months. He was 57 years old, and his widow (his third wife, whom he married three years ago is 21. He made a cast iron will, leaving his widow $20,000. He also left sums of $200 and $500 each to all the women who are now maids or widows whom he courted in his unmarried days. This required $5,000. Notes outstanding on people who would be pushed to pay them, he destroyed to the amount of $5,000. The hired girl and all his wife's relatives were remembered in small sums. Two weeks before his death he employed and paid the Rev. Mr. Shackleford, of the Methodist church, $25, and the Rev. Mr. Warrington, of the Christian church, $15, to officiate at his funeral. Immediately after this, he sent for the railroad agent at Hagerstown and chartered a train of one baggage and three passenger cars to take his remains and 110 friends to his funeral at West Sonora, Ohio. He paid for this in advance, and also sent cash to the best hotel in West Sonora for dinner for the entire funeral party. Not a detail in the funeral forgotten, even to the floral tributes. His orders were fully carried out, and when his body was laid away in the ground, no one in the world had a claim of a cent against his estate and no one owed it a cent."

DISAPPEARANCE OF A LAKE.—Red Fish Lake, above Sawtooth City, on the summit of the Sawtooth range of mountains, in the Wood River region, Idaho, has dropped through the bottom. The lake had an area of several miles, and was many fathoms in depth. It was on the summit of one of the peaks of the range, some 11,000 feet elevation above the sea, and surrounded by heavy timber, which rendered it a delightful place of resort in summer for camping, fishing and boating parties. The lake has been there since the white man has known the country, but lately—the day of the occurrence is not known—the bottom fell out. The country formation is granite and limestone, and an immense fissure has opened, whether caused by separation or settling of the earth's surface or from volcanic action is not known. At present the bed of the lake is dry, and presents the appearance of a deep gorge or valley on the summit of the mountains. This lake has always contained millions of red fish, and been a favorite resort for bear, deer and other game. Where the fish went to is as much a mystery as where the water went.—*Hailey Times.*

AN ASTONISHING EXHIBITION.—One of the attractions of the recent performance in the Chinese theatre in San Francisco for the benefit of the Knights Templar, was a stage fight between two warriors, whose method of attack was to jump up in the air, strike the adversary on the chest with the bottoms of both feet, and then fall full length on the stage, striking on their backs with terrific force. It was a style of tumbling evidently new to most of the spectators, who applauded vigorously. Another style of gymnastics was much admired. The performer would stand on a chair which was the apex of a pyramid of tables and chairs, turn a somersault in the air and land on another chair similarly elevated, with his legs crossed under him like a tailor. This feat was done repeatedly by two performers dressed in a bewildering multitude of baggy trousers, skirts, jackets and cloaks. With the ordinary dress of an athlete the feat is calculated to break both legs of the performer, but dressed as they were it was an astonishing exhibition.

It is not necessary to be a great thinker to think greatly.

From the Guardian.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY FRANKLIN P. DALY.

When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and 'mid lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and, with vain regret,
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, forget.
But I would have the few of kindly heart,
Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deeds their love express—
Those would I have, no more, no less,
When I am dead!

When I am dead,
I would not have the high and storied stone
Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone;
But I would not have some things I once did love,
Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
Placed o'er me. And each succeeding year
I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
When I am dead!

When I am dead,
Forgive—Oh this I pray far more than all—
The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall.
Think kindly on me as I lie so still,
So poor a subject for an angered will.
Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up I found all sad and broken;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign,
When I am dead!

WHAT A LIE DID.

HOW A FEARFUL CANDIDATE PLAYED A BOLD GAME AND LOST.

"I once had an example of how well it is to tell the truth," said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for governor of Arkansas. "Some time ago I was travelling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. I was never a brave man, and I was not in the least surprised upon discovering that I was scared. Every rustle of the leaves, every sudden cry of a bird startled me. I couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as I remembered a man who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the ghastly face came up, and I turned sick when the gaping wound in his throat rose before me with startling verisimilitude.

"When I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to face with two men who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grape-vine and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding sent a thrill like a streak of ice water up my back. I saw at once that they were desperate men, and felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Flight was out of the question, for any such move on my part would, I was convinced, prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and, assuming what I fancied was an unconcerned expression, I said, "Good morning."

"'How are you?' they replied. 'Going far?'

'I don't know that it is any of your business," I replied. 'I don't want any trouble with you, for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of a human being.'

"'A bad man, I reckon,' said one of the desperadoes.

"'At one time I could not have denied such an accusation; but, as I tell you, I have resolved never to kill another man. I hope you will not molest me.'

"'Hold on, pardner!'

"'I've got no time to talk.'

"'But hold on! What's your name?'

"'I'm Bill Poston, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I don't want you to cause a breaking of my resolve.'

"'Do as you like about your resolve,' said the taller of the desperadoes. 'I don't know who you are, but I know that you are not Bill Poston, the robber.'

"'How do you know?'

"'Because I am Bill Poston, and this is my brother.'

"'Oh, Lord,' I supplicated ... 'Climb off that horse, Cap'. I reckon we'd better hang you right here.'

"I begged, but saw no mercy in their eyes; I prayed, but I heard no answer.

"'I'll teach you how to go around the country committing depredations and laying them on to me! Fine man, you are! Stole this horse I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him up right here.'

"'Oh my friends! I have committed no depredations. I am a candidate for governor of Arkansas, and am on my way to meet an appointment at a place of discussion.'

"'Who is your opponent?'

"'Colonel Blacket.'

"'What sort of a fellow is he?'

"'He's a bad man.'

"'Are you well acquainted with him?'

"'I never saw him, but know that he's a bad man.'

"'He's a much better man than you are, or at least will soon exhibit more capacity for executive duties than you can possibly show. In short, he'll be the liveliest man pretty soon."

"They put the rope around my neck. I prayed in vain, I asked the Lord to forgive me of my sins, and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn up.

"'If I let you go will you promise never again to use my name?"

"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything for you, and when I'm elected governor I'll pardon you.'

"All right; you may go this time. Take off the rope, John."

"I mounted my horse and rode away, with fearful thankfulness and a determination never to tell another lie. Next day, when I reached the place of discussion, a large crowd had gathered. When I approached the people were shouting with laughter. Great Alexander! Some one was relating my experience. Shoving my way forward, I recognized in the speaker the tall man who had accused me of taking his name. He was my opponent. I could not face the crowd, and left as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a joke. At the election I was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Dr. Charles C Abbott announces in *Science* that a mound-builder's pipe has been recently found in New Jersey. These pipes are complete working implements, unlike the ordinary pipe bowl found in New Jersey and New England, which lack the stem. Since 1882 copper spears, such as were found in Wisconsin, have been found in New Jersey, as well as arrow heads, which are equal in size and delicacy and finish to the best examples from Oregon. The inference is that the difference in skill of handicraft, whether in stone, bone or clay, between the "wild tribes" of the Atlantic seabaard and the people who erected the earth works of the Ohio Valley is not so great as has been supposed. Dr. Abbott confidently expects to find artificial mounds in New Jersey.

Ostrich farming has its perils. At Anaheim, Cal., the other day, the stocking that is drawn over the heads of the birds while they are being plucked slipped off from the neck of one of the biggest male birds. Mr. Sketchley, the plucker, saw the accident just in time to make a leap for the fence. As he went over, the bird's foot struck a board with such force as to splinter it.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly creates, calmly speaks, cooly answers and ceases when he has no more to say is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

Republican Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

WILLIAM A. LIVSEY,

Of Alleghany County

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,

JEROME B. NILES,

Of Tioga County.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

A number of years ago a town some distance from the metropolis was laid out on the banks of a beautiful river. In course of time it became a place of considerable importance. As a market town the farmers of the country for many miles came with their produce and found for it a ready sale It became noted as a watering place and sanitarium, and people from the East and West gathered here for rest or pleasure, or sought relief from disease by the use of its medicated waters. Although located in one end of the county in which it was situated, it was of sufficient importance to be made the county seat, and a court house, jail and attorneys' offices added something to its allurements. The town grew. From a hamlet containing a few hundred people the population increased to thousands. Its growth, however, was not commensurate with its age. Other towns having no superior advantages outstripped it in the race. Then it fell away. For some reason the market was suffered to go do down; then the county buildings were abandoned, and a court house was erected elsewhere The fashionable resort to its springs became unpopular, and the sanitarium was closed. Trade of all kinds drooped, and a lethargy covered its inhabitants like a pall. Its streets became almost deserted, and a death like stillness pervaded the atmosphere. Meanwhile the water of the beautiful river still flowed peaceably on toward the sea, the burrowing hen scratched unmolested the dust in the principal streets; the nibbling goat roamed the commons at will, and its inhabitants, day after day, managed to pass a dreamy existence, undisturbed by the cares and unmoved by the turmoils of a busy world.

After a while, attracted by the natural advantages of the place, the town was invaded by some enterprising strangers. Its location, in their eyes, was largely in its favor, and its means of transportation could be made available. They saw a good prospect of converting the dead village into a hive of thriving industry They used their capital in erecting mills of large dimensions, and filling them with [illegible] wool and cotton were converted into fabrics for clothing and other purposes, and iron in their foundries and rolling mills was transformed from its crude shape into articles of utility. A revival of business among the store and shop-keepers was immediately felt, artisans were no longer idle carpenters and bricklayers, masons and laborers awoke from their sleep, and the clang of the trowel, the whir of the saw, and the reverberation of the hammer dispelled the quietness that had before prevailed. Real estate soon felt the benefit produced by the new order of things. Property that went begging for a few hundred dollars increased rapidly in value, and in many cases more than quadrupled in price. Many comfortable homes were erected and paid for by persons who a few years before did not have a dollar above their indebtedness, and smiling Prosperity looked approvingly down upon the pleasing scene. Of course everybody enjoyed the change and expressed their gratification to the persons through whom it was brought about.

As the awakened borough increased in wealth and population, as lands became more valuable, as trade became more extended, as the tone of all business become more vigorous it can easily be imagined that the persons through whom these benefits came were fully identified with the interests of the town, although they were comparative strangers in it. Their projects for the town's benefit were seized upon by all with avidity. At their request new streets were opened, and numbers of homes were built to shelter the incoming people. The ancient thoroughfares which had been suffered to become almost impassible were renovated and restored, sewers were constructed through all the streets, the meadows and marshes were drained, and that fashionable disease, malaria, which once infected the place, disappeared through the sanitary measures taken to accomplish its removal. The people became prosperous, healthy and happy, and to-day there is no more inviting place than this town some distance from the metropolis, situated on the banks of a beautiful river.

THE NEW ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

The celebrated and ironical speech of Proctor Knott, in 1871, upon Duluth, which we reproduced in last week's GAZETTE, expressed the sentiment of the people at that time relative to the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Jay Cook's paradise," as the country through which the road was to run was described as almost sterile, the winters so cold that it was almost uninhabitable, the Indians so hostile that white men were frequently massacred, and the population so meagre that the proposed road, if ever built, would find no patronage upon which to exist.

Since that time marvellous changes have been effected, numerous towns have grown up along the line of the completed road, and Duluth, the subject of the sarcasm and scorn of the Kentucky Congressman, is to-day a thriving city.

WANTED—THE VOTES OF PROHIBITIONISTS.

It is interesting to note the concern of late on the part of sundry Republican journals, such as the New York *Tribune*, the New York *Independent*, the *Christian Union*, and others, lest the votes of prohibitionists in the approaching elections may not be wisely used—that is, given to the Republican party. We hail this solicitude as an auspicious sign of the times. We do not wholly concur, however, in all the suggestions which these journals have to offer on the subject. Prohibitionists have a definite, fundamentally important end to attain. They recognize in the liquor traffic what Senator Morrill designated on the floor of the United States Senate as the "gigantic crime of crimes." They seek, therefore, not the regulation on any pretence or for any fee, high or low, but the extirpation of the great liquor crime. They believe that all other pending political questions are insignificant and inconsequential in comparison with this—the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of all alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes. There is just one way in which their votes may be had, at least in large part, by the Republican party. If in good faith, as in Iowa, that party will adopt prohibition as a cardinal feature of its platform, where Democrats as avowedly oppose it, the votes of prohibitionists generally will quite certainly be given to its candidates. They ought neither to be expected nor given on any other condition. It is both absurd and impertinent for such journals as we have mentioned and others of kindred character to claim the votes of prohibitionists for a party or for candidates who repudiate their principles.

It has hitherto been, alas! too true that many who theoretically were prohibitionists have shown by their action in the primaries and at the polls that they had the theory only and not fixed principle in the premises.

It is quite time for the opponents of the liquor traffic to be as wise and as firm politically as are its interested friends, the brewers, distillers, and liquor sellers. They let it be distinctly understood that their votes can henceforth be had only for such men and measures as are favorable to their traffic. Why should prohibitionists do less! Evenly divided as parties now are, prohibitionists, in almost all the States, may, if they will, hold the balance of power and dictate the policy of future liquor legislation. Organizing in offensive and defensive leagues, with the prohibition of brewing, distilling, and liquor selling as the distinct end in view, in no Southern State can Democrats, in no Northern State can Republicans, afford to ignore or antagonize them. Let it henceforth everywhere be understood that the votes of prohibitionists can be had only by those who, seeking them, will faithfully endeavor to secure not the regulation but the abolition of the iniquitous and criminal drink traffic.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

—The following from Kansas papers shows pretty clearly that prohibition [illegible] indicates that the day is not far distant when it will become a national issue in politics. The Winfield *Courier* says

"Winfield has a population of four thousand with the prohibitory law enforced. The city has no police except the marshal, who has been made street commissioner to keep him employed. The city is rushed with business, and is exempt from drunken men."

"The Ottowa *Republican* corroborates the above as follows

"Ottowa has a population of five thousand. The prohibitory law is strictly enforced. The city is quiet because there are no saloons to create drunken rows. The city has a marshal and night watchman."

"The Atchison *Globe* has been a persistent opponent of prohibition, and yet its editor is forced to admit:

"Nothing but our sense of duty as an independent journal impels us to remark that, notwithstanding our earnest opposition, the prohibition cause is gaining ground every day. We are really afraid that prohibition will be a successful national issue long before sanguine prohibitionists expect it. Revolutions sometimes come with the swiftness of a whirlwind."

The Kansas City *Times* says:

"Every well-informed man in Missouri except the liquor dealers of the Hannibal convention, knows that the prohibitionists have determined upon a vigorous movement at the general election in 1884. Every citizen not totally blinded by prejudice or malice knows that in a contest between free whiskey and prohibition this State will go ten to one for prohibition.

LIQUOR IN POLITICS.

And as the Republican party was the enemy of slave-holding upon principle, so it is now, upon principle, the enemy of rum-selling, and they are blind to the signs of the times who do not see that local politics in every state, South as well as North, are to be influenced if not controlled by questions touching the sale of liquors. The antagonistic position of the two parties upon these questions is inevitable. We make no predictions as to the character or form of the issues to be presented, but we venture the opinion that every state in which liquors are freely sold will tend to the Democratic party, and that every state in which the sale is prohibited will tend to the Republican party. In great exigencies this tendency may be controlled, but in ordinary times it will decide the politics of states, and, through the states, it will decide the politics of the nation.—*Boston Traveller.*

—We publish in another column an editorial from the *National Temperance Advocate*, which may be accepted as an avowal of the views and position of the prohibitionists. It behooves the Republican party to give timely heed to their warning as it will not be long till the prohibition element will control national politics.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Henry Villard is a rare instance of a man changing his profession in middle life and winning a great success in a new avocation. He was a journalist until nearly forty. Not tied down to the service of any one paper, but furnishing correspondence from one side of the Atlantic or the other, at one time or another, between 1858 and 1873, to a dozen prominent American journals. Joseph Medill tells me that he was a first rate correspondent, accurate, industrious and quick to appreciate the value of a "beat" on other papers. Once, after a battle in Virginia, he rode at break neck speed to the nearest railway station, arriving just in time to see the train moving off. He leaped from his horse, turned the animal loose and climbed on to the rear platform of the train. The Chicago *Tribune* lost a horse, but got the news of the battle ahead of its competitors.

This enterprising journalist must have early seen that success in journalism might bring plenty of reputation without much money. How he got out of newspaper work and into railroad financiering and management is a romantic story which I am not going to narrate here. The key to his good luck lay in embracing an opportunity when it came along and holding fast to it. Still, he might now be running a local railroad up the Willamette Valley in Oregon, if he had not possessed a keen eye for geography. The Germans are great in geography.

When Villard arrived in Oregon to manage a bankrupt railroad he saw that the great striking feature of the region was the Cascade Range of mountains, and that nature had made one passage through that huge barrier of rock and snow—the gorge in which flowed the Columbia river. Whoever got possession of that gorge with a railroad would, he saw, control the traffic of the fertile belts lying on both sides of the mountain wall. He organized a company which bought all the steamboats on the river and built a railroad along the south bank of the stream.

Pretty soon the Northern Pacific Company began to show new life Its credit revived and it recommenced construction, building from the Missouri west and from the Upper Columbia east.

Villard made a tariff contract with the Northern Pacific people, but he foresaw that this would not last long and that they would soon exercise their charter right of building down the north bank of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains to Portland. If they did so his railroad would be unprofitable. The emergency was met in a bold fashion. He went to New York, formed the blind pool, raised ten millions in a few days, quietly brought up the then low priced stock of the Northern Pacific and walked into the office of the company one morning to tell President Billings that he held a controlling interest in the concern.

So the former journalist, who was once glad of a chance to sell his letters at ten or fifteen dollars apiece, now manages a millions of stock, a funded debt of forty millions and a grant of land of which nearly forty million acres remain after ten years of steady sales. He carries his honors and his power in a large-minded open-handed way, and the guests whom he is now taking with princely hospitality over his two thousand miles of main line road will no doubt be of one mind in saying that he deserves his great success.—*E. V. Smalley in the Philadelphia Times.*

MARRIED AT WANAMAKER'S.

It has often been truthfully said that a married couple can go to Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Philadelphia, and purchase everything necessary for furnishing a house and going to housekeeping, but last Saturday William Opdyke, a well-to-do Bucks county farmer, visited the Grand Depot in company with his affianced, Miss Martha J. Noe, of New York, made the necessary purchases first and got married afterward, thus making Wanamaker's a depot for everything, even including the marriage certificate. Having bought lavishly, he proceeded to pay his bill, when he inquired were he could find a minister. "We have one right here in the store," replied the salesman. The couple then informed him of their desire to get married, and the salesman went in search of the Rev. John W. Frambus, who holds a responsible position in one of the departments in the basement. A few minutes later the loungers in the gentlemen's reading room were surprised to see a lady enter, accompanied by two gentlemen. The porter was called, the door closed. The couple stood in the centre of the room and the marriage service was begun. The readers dropped their papers and listened with evident astonishment to the clear responses of the bride, and one young man asked the reporter in a stage whisper if a marriage was really taking place. When the service ended the husband tenderly kissed his bride and the clergyman turned with a bow to the strangers, saying:

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Opdyke." The bride smiled. An orguinette outside the door played "Le Marseillaise" and everybody present filed past and shook hands with the delighted couple. The Rev. Mr. Frambus procured a marriage certificate from the stationery department and filled in the names. The certificate was handed to the bride, and the groom pressed a five dollar bill into the minister's hand. After receiving congratulations the happy pair left for Atlantic City, where they intend passing the honeymoon.

—Saratoga is much interested in a handsome young bride who is stopping at the Grand Union, and who is to be seen walking up and down the piazza of the hotel for hours at a time in company with a beautiful black-and-tan dog. The dog was a wedding present, and cost $400, says Jenkins. It is decorated with ear-rings worth $2000, and a collar studded with emeralds and pearls worth $3000. This lady and pet are the talk of the town.

THE PASTORAL GIMLET.

Once a city pastor was absent from home for a week. During his absence the son of a member who lived several miles out of town died. He did not hear of the young man's death until he returned. Then he was taken sick, and it was a week or ten days before he could safely drive out and visit his afflicted parishoner. The first words that greeted his ears were, "Well, I thought you had forgotten us;" and then the good woman sat complacently down to be consoled.

That is what I mean by the pastoral gimlet, and it is astonishing how proficient certain church members become in its use. The delicacy in insinuating, the deftness and grace in twisting, can only have been acquired by assiduous practice. They know where it will go in most easily, just how many turns to give it before it gets down to the quick.

There are various scientific twists of the gimlet known to adepts and to victims.

There is the sarcastic twist. Hostess enters the parlor, and greets pastor thus: "Good afternoon, Dr. A.; really the sight of you is refreshing. Have you found out at last where we live?"

There is the business twist. "Do you know that you haven't been inside our house for six months?" Parsons, as well as mathematicians, are painfully aware that figures can't lie; so that this twist is a peculiarly effective one, usually transfixing the victim, and reducing him at once to a condition of silent helplessness.

Then there is the reproachful twist, also very effective—tremendously so if the twister can manage to start a "silent tear"—"Really, we began to doubt whether we had any pastor."

And once in a while we are treated to the spiteful twist, in administering which the operator, or more commonly the operatrix, is at no pains to conceal her full intent, but drives the unoiled gimlet in with a steady hand; or in other words, gives the parson a sharp "setting down" on his shortcomings.

The men who wince under this instrument are the conscientious pastors, who are forever haunted by the vague sense of work in arrears and constantly tormented with self-reproach because they do not bring it up. The gimlet is a terrible thing to such a one. He knows the gimlet houses as well as a doctor knows where small-pox is. He braces himself to visit them once or twice a year. He says jocosely to a friend at the gate, "I know there is a rod in pickle for me here." He sits down to his work very much as if he were going to have his tooth filled, meets the twist of the gimlet without portraying his inward writhings, kneels down and prays with the gimlet twisters, and rises from his knees to meet a parting thrust, as thus, "Now that you've found the way here, I hope that we shall see you often." And as he goes down the steps he looks into his book, and seeing that the next place on the list is also a gimlet house, he says to himself, "Not to-day; one a day is all I can stand." You cheerful, sunny, sympathizing souls [illegible] perhaps excite the jealousy of your neighbors because the minister "drops in" at your houses so much oftener than at theirs—does it never occur to you that he comes almost as much for his own sake as for yours, because he knows you always have oil and wine in your casks for the wounds of the gimlet?

Now, ye gimlet twisters, ye pastor perforators, lift up your voices and answer. What do you want a pastoral visit for? Do you want to talk to your pastor about your temptations and trials? Do you want instruction on some question of Christian experience? Do you want to discuss some scheme of Christian enterprise? Not you! No lawyer is more adroit in turning the conversation the moment it takes any such direction. Let the pastor take up the gimlet in his turn, and probe your heart, and lay bare your poor, starved, stunted, religious life; let him tax you rigorously with your absence from prayer meetings or Sabbath worship, and you will not complain of the scarcity of pastoral visits. The truth is, you do not desire counsel, nor comfort, nor Christian communion, but attention. Your pastor's absence wounds your pride. You care little about his doing the work he was especially called to do for you, but you are vexed because he does not concede more to your importance. You are not thirsting for living water, but for the tacit flattery of attention, thus seeking to convert the messenger whom Christ sends with living bread to your home and heart into a minister to your vanity. The people whose hands are idle, whose purses are shut, whose voices are against every enterprise which involves sacrifice and labor, are the people who are masters of the gimlet.—*Dr. M. R. Vincent.*

—The final adjournment of the Pennsylvania Legislature is predicted for this week The Democrats are said to have become convinced at last they cannot bulldoze or browbeat the Republicans into concedeing what is not just and that the attempt to transplant Mississippi methods into Pennsylvania has been a failure. The design of the Democrats when the fight began was to exhibit Republican injustice to the country. The result has been to illustrate Democratic pigheadedness on a larger scale than it has been shown for some time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A writer in the *Advance* says that education is making rapid progress in China. In his opinion the acquisition of a knowledge of Western science in China is no longer a question of fact or time. Such knowledge is sought after all over the Empire. Many of the more enterprising are using every facility at command to acquaint themselves with the results of modern scientific research. They are reaching out after it in all directions. In many cases, they grasp the result with a wonderful comprehension, without understanding the process by which it is reached. In some cases, they are endeavoring to apply these results, with only an imperfect or a partial success, as of course always happens in such attempts where the principles are not understood.

WHAT SHALL THE BOYS DO?

Parents are continually confronted with this question. Many parents answer it wrongly. The father desires that his sons shall not undergo the toil and self denial that he has undergone, forgetting, or perhaps not realizing in any proper sense, that it was that toil and that self denial that made him the man he is. The mother has her foolish notions about respectability of certain grades of employment which enable those following them to wear good clothes and exhibit a few of the superficial evidences of refinement and culture. The boy with his inexperience and inability to look below the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well intended but foolish judgment of his parents and commences life by swelling the list of bookkeepers without a ledger, doctors without patients, lawyers without clients and genteel clerks without employment. The first thing the parent or teacher should do is to study carefully the boy's aptitudes. Having done this he should be taught that any kind of honest labor is honorable and that what he could do best should be his calling, no matter whether it was to make shoes or carriages, to raise cattle or butcher them. Many a boy who might in time become a good farmer, owning a farm and home of his own, becomes an indifferent hand-to-mouth salesman in a store at a salary that will only barely keep soul and body together and provide no accumulations for sickness or old age. Many a boy, who by learning the machinist's trade could some day be at the head of a great manufactory, remains in obscurity and poverty because his parents thought the profession of bookkeeper would be more genteel. A little study of the advertising columns in a great daily journal, or an inquiry among the leading business men of any thriving town, would cause a revelation that should serve to deter parents from making semi-dudes of their sons by crowding the already overcrowded positions of clerks and bookkeepers with them. In the city of New York there are at the present time 5,000 bookkeepers out of employment, and of the 28,000 who have more or less steady employment in that calling in that city, very few receive over $25 per week, while a far greater number are glad to accept $10 or $15. A business man of the city lately advertised for a clerk at $10 a week and had seven hundred applications for the place. In view of these facts the parents of boys should urge them to learn trades, to go into the shops or on the farm, anywhere where honest work is to be done, and to avoid as they would the pestilence the semi-genteel callings, which are so overcrowded that the majority who are dependent on them have no hope of more than the barest subsistence while they remain in them.—*The Times.*

THE MISTAKE OF FRANCE.

There will be little sympathy felt with France in her contest with China. It has been a plain case of forcing a quarrel, and while the French have been aggressive [illegible] exhibited a great moderation. At the same time they appear to have been thoroughly alive to the necessity of preparing for the emergency, and France will find the China of to-day a far different enemy to meet than she would have found her a few years ago. The past contests with foreigners have taught the Celestials that kettle drums, tin pans and pyrotechnics scarcely answer as effective munitions of war, and they have now provided themselves with the most approved modern fire arms known to the civilized world. They have also so far unbent their dignity as to seek instruction in the science of war from the most enlightened foreigners, and as they are apt learners it may be taken for granted that they are now a more formidable enemy than they have ever been before. Considered as individuals, probably the Chinese soldiery might be inferior to the French, but when it comes to counting rifles men are brought nearer to an equality. A Chinaman can pull a trigger as well as a Frenchman, and he can obey orders as well. And when it is added to this that the Chienese soldiery can outnumber the French twenty to one, that their war is defensive and that they are familiar with their own grounds and will not be decimated with the climate diseases which will afflict the aggressors, there is a very strong probability that the outcome of the struggle will be vastly different from what the French expect. France made one great mistake when she goaded Germany into a war, and she is undoubtedly repeating the error now in the case of China.

The sympathy of people generally will go with the Chinese government, because it has done everything consistent with its dignity to preserve peace and prevent the horrors of war.—*Evening News.*

THE SLAYER OF DUKES.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 5.—A dispatch to *The Chronicle* from Uniontown, Penn., says that the petition of the defence for a postponement of the Nutt trial was heard in court this morning. Dr. A. P. Bowie was present and testified that Mr. Breckenbridge was confined to his with typoid fever, and would not be able to teftify this week. The Court admitted this as sufficent, so far as Breckenridge's inability to be present was concerned, but stated that the question was whether the defence regarded his testimony as necessary to their case, and were unwilling to let the trial go on. The defence alleged that Breckenridge was one of their chief witnesses, and their petition was then granted, the case being continued to the December term. The Grand Jury to-day found a true bill against James Nutt for the killing of N. L. Dukes.

—Does prohibition prohibit? The average revenue to the United States from the sale of liquors is $1.40 per head of its citizens, while in Maine it is only four cents per head.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

INJURED IN A SHAM BATTLE.

VETERANS EXCITED BY POWDER.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* describes the sad results of the sham battle yesterday at Princeton, as follows:

PRINCETON JUNCTION, N. J., Sept. 5.—The sham battle at the Grand Army Encampment, Camp Oden, in this place this afternoon, narrowly escaped tragical results. About five hundred men took part in the battle, Grand Army men and militia being on each side in about equal numbers The companies representing the rebels were given possession of the camp and had five pieces of artillery with which to defend it. They were commanded by Colonel Cooper, of the Sixth Regiment, National Guard. The Union forces took their position on a knoll at the opposite end of the camp grounds and had three pieces of artillery. Commander F. O. Cole, of Jersey City, led them. Both sides had regular skirmish and picket lines thrown out. The Union forces advancing drove in the rebel pickets, and then the skirmish line of the latter promptly opened fire. The skirmishers on both sides were driven back after brisk firing and the two forces approaching in line of battle The Union forces advanced rapidly, but were thrown back by a vigorous Rebel charge.

The battle waged with varying fortune for some time, until the excitement of the combatants carried them beyond the control of their officers The militia obeyed orders tolerably well, but the blood of the veteran Grand Army men was roused by the smell of powder and booming of the cannon, which were continually throwing blank shells over the heads of the combatants. Both sides charged fiercely, and the lines came so close that guns were fired directly in the faces of the contestants on each side. In the excitement the old soldiers even clubbed their muskets and prepared for a real fight. The ardor was suddenly quenched by the sight of wounded men lying on the ground where the fight had been closest. The battle was then quickly ended by the surrender of the rebels, and the attention of the soldiers was devoted to caring for their injured comrades.

Many of these were only slightly hurt by wads or burned by powder, and walked off without calling for surgical aid. Thirteen, however, were so severely wounded as to require the attention of the regimental surgeon, Dr. Godfrey. All were wounded by the wadding from the guns, and none of the wounds are dangerous, although several are very painful. Three or four of the injured will be laid up for some time, and others will carry badly scarred faces through life.

Great excitement prevailed on the grounds, where several thousands people were gathered, until it was learned that none of the wounded were likely to die. All agree in blaming the Grand Army men for their impetuosity.

LEMON PUDDING.—Grate the rind of one lemon, [illegible] the yolks of two eggs, one pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, half a cup of sugar, a little salt. Bake twenty minutes. Beat to a froth the whites of the eggs, add the juice of the lemon, and half a cup of sugar. Spread over the top of the pudding and bake five minutes.

☞Thousands testify to the merits of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease in all forms It is known from Maine to California. Give it a trial for those distressed feelings.

—Mr. Henry James has written a wholly American story called "Impressions of a Cousin." It is a sketch of New York life and will be appropriately printed in the *Century*—which proposes to publish presently two other stories by Mr. James. One of these has the musical title of "Lady Barbarina."

☞Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug and are highly recommended for headache, neuralgia and nervousness. 50 cents at druggists.

—All the telephone wires, paraphernalia, etc., formerly known as the Eastern Pennsylvania Telephone Company, between Pottstown and Phœnixville, have been sold to the Delaware and Atlantic Company.

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

—*Our Little Ones* for September presents 32 handsomely printed pages of pictures, stories, poems, etc., that will make the little folks' eyes glisten with delight. Terms, $1.50 a year. The Russel Publishing Company, Boston.

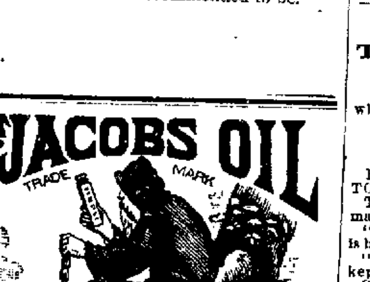
NERVOUS debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters."

KEOKUK, IOWA.—Dr. E. E. Fuller says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."

ELM GROVE, N. C.—Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters, and find it all it is recommended to be."

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THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,

Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rheumatic

SYRUP.

The Greatest Blood Purifier Known!

A positive cure for Rheumatism, [illegible] Sciatica, and Muscular Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Gout.

An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Blood, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Pimples, Blotches, &c., &c.

It restores the diseased Liver and Kidneys to healthy action and dissolves and expels from the blood all the acrid Poison or "urate of Lime" contained therein which is the sole cause of all Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains. Manufactured by RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N. Y. For sale everywhere. Send for circular.

[illegible]

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DAILY EXCURSION

—TO—

CAPE MAY AND RETURN THE SAME DAY.



The Famous, Mammoth Three-Deck Steamer "REPUBLIC" leaves Race Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 7½ a. m., arriving at Cape May about 12½ p. m. Returning leaves Cape May at 3.15 o'clock p. m., giving ample time for bathing or a ride on the beach. A Full Brass Band and Orchestra. Music for dancing. Parlor Entertainments varied weekly. Luncheons and Refreshments in abundance. Dinners and Suppers provided. Oysters and Fish served for supper a few moments after taken from the water.

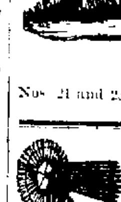
FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, ONE DOLLAR.

SUNDAYS—Will leave Race St. Wharf at 7.30 a. m. FARE, 75 Cts.

A Broad Gauge Steam Railroad will convey passengers to Cape Island in eight minutes.

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We desire to call the attention of farmers to a new variety of White Winter Wheat called

LANDRETH'S

WHITE WHEAT.

It is of vigorous growth, early, hardy, stiff straw, free from rust and produces largely.

Price, $1.50 per peck, $5.50 per bushel, or $10 for two bushels. Bag free.

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IMPROVED

CAHOON BROADCAST

SEED SOWER.

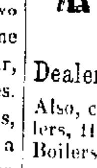
Sows all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed. Does as much work as five men can do by hand. Does better work than can be done by any other means whatever. Worth its cost every year. Will last many years. Nobody can afford to sow grass seed or grain by hand. Price only $5.

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LAND PLASTER!

Ground from the Purest Gypsum, And prepared specially for farmer's use for mixing with *Paris Green.*

In purchasing, ask for

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And take take no other.

It is the Purest, Cheapest and Best.

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The Veteran Tobacconist,

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He keeps constantly on hand the best brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS.

Try the "Abajo," the best five cent cigar in the market.

"Butler's Gilt Edge" a new and favorite Tobacco, is highly recommended

"North Star" and "Magnolia," Fine Cut Tobaccos, kept constantly in stock.

Cigarettes and all kinds of Smoking Tobacco Scotch and Rapee Snuff; Clay, Briar Wood and other Pipes in great variety. Remember the place.

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MADE OF BEST MATERIAL, with great care in selecting and putting together; steel tire; Moore's patent steel front gear, stronger, lighter and more durable, than any other; Ligget's interchangeable axle, Sarvin patent; first-class second growth hickory wheels; Shuler's four leaf springs, warranted to be of the very best, fastened with clips in place of bolts. All bolts, clips, &c., are of good Norway iron. Capacity 1000 lbs.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT 6 1883

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN

Single copies of the GAZETTE in wrappers for mailing at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK—Arrives 7 00 and 11 15 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Closes 8 25 and 11 15 A. M., 4 00 and 6 40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7 00 and 8 45 A. M., and 4 00 and 7 30 P. M. Closes 5 45 and 10 15 A. M., 2 50 and 4 30 P. M.

HULMEVILLE, NEWTOWN, &c—Arrives 11 30 A M. Closes 12 00 M.

OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 11 30 A M. Closes 11 30 A M.

BENSALEM, ELLISTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 4 00 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M.

TRENTON—Arrives 10 00 A. M. and 4 00 and 7 30 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M., and 4 00 and 6 40 P. M.

WATERS—Arrives 10 00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Last direct mail for New York City closes at 6 40.

W B BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

To PHILADELPHIA.—For Kensington Depot, 6 53, 7 23, ... 9 41 A. M., 12 51, 3 21, 4 11, 5 13, and 7 41 P. M. Sundays—12 25, 5 24 P. M.

For Broad Street Station—2 40, 5 15, 6 30, 6 53, 7 10, 7 23, ... 8 23, 9 41, 10 47 A. M., 12 51, 1 35, 2 52, 3 01, ... 21, 1 11, 5 11, 7 04, 7 20, 7 41, 9 28, 11 18 P. M. Sundays—2 40, 7 10, 9 00, A. M., 12 25, 5 24, 6 04, 7 15, 11 18 P. M.

From PHILADELPHIA—From Kensington Depot, 6 55, ... 40, 8 10, 10 10 A. M., 2 10, 3 10, 4 35, 5 35, 6 10, and ... 10 P. M. Sundays 9 00, A. M. 2 15 P. M.

From Broad Street Station—12 01 Night, 6 00, 6 50, 7 32, ... 00, 8 30, 10 00, 11 10 A. M., 12 01 Noon, 2 00, 3 20, 4 00, ... 00, 5 25, 6 00, 6 02, 6 30, 6 35, 7 20, 8 00, and 11 15 P. M. Sundays—12 01, night 7 46, 8 30, and 8 45 A. M., 2 00, 6 00, 6 30 and 8 00 P. M.

For TRENTON—1 05, 7 28, 8 22, 9 16, 11 50, 11 51 A. M., 12 48, 3 01, 4 19, 5 17, 5 36, 6 27, 6 42, 6 58, 8 36, P. M. Sundays—1 05, 9 16, 9 49 A. M., 3 00, 7 09, 8 16 P. M.

From TRENTON—2 25, 6 30, 6 54, 7 00, 8 00, 9 20, 10 28 A. M., 12 30, 1 15, 2 46, 2 48, 3 30, 4 50, 5 25, 6 47, 6 55, 7 ..., 9 05 P. M. Sundays—2 25 A. M., 12 01, 5 00, 5 47, 9 05, 10 57 P. M.

For NEW YORK—1 05, 7 28, 9 16, 11 41 A. M., 5 36, 6 4..., ... P. M. Sundays—12 51, 9 16 A. M., and 7 09, 8 16 P. M.

From NEW YORK—5 15, 8 30, 11 10 A. M., 1 00, 5 00, 7 00, ... 00, 12 00 P. M. Sundays—10 00 A. M., 1 00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA. For Philadelphia, 7 15 A. M., 4 P. M. From Philadelphia, 2 00 and 6 00 P. M.

TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 9 30 A. M., 5 00 P. M. From Philadelphia, 7 A. M., 3 P. M.

SILVER STAR.—For Philadelphia, 8 00 A. M. From Philadelphia, 3 00 P. M. For Bordentown, 4 45 P. M.

For the Time Table of the EDWIN FORREST, see the advertisement of the River Steamers.

—Plenty of advice can be had for the asking.

—The fall session of the public schools opened on Monday.

—Farmers report the largest crop of potatoes that has been known for years.

—George Dukes has purchased Edward Tice's property on Dorrance street.

—Ice cream venders should follow the example set by the barbers and close up on Sundays.

—A tonsorial artist from Philadelphia, comes here to-morrow to "bang" the Bristol girls.

—We notice that Wm. H. Grundy is making extensive improvements at his residence on Radcliffe streets.

—William Louderbough, Esq., has been appointed collector of the county delinquent tax in Bristol borough.

—William Vansant caught a sturgeon on Tuesday last which was reported as weighing over two hundred pounds.

—Ladies complain about the loafing at the corner of Dorrance and Radcliffe streets, and the use of vulgar language.

—The Rubberoid Co. are still actively engaged in making improvements. They are about erecting a new boiler house.

—A match game of cricket will take place in Bristol on Saturday between the Camden, N. J., and Bristol Cricket Club.

—Six colored youths were seen on Tuesday last going toward the lake each having a watermelon on his head and a grin on his face.

—W. H. Kemble, owner of the Lumberville quarries, although a good sized man, was in the hands of the Street committee on Tuesday.

—The antediluvians must be all dead. We have not heard of any complaint being registered against the improvement of Radcliffe street.

—Levi J Shull has bought the residence of T. B. Bailey, on Washington street, for $2,200. Mr. Bailey has removed to Washington, D. C.

—An excited woman at the station the other day refused to take her trunk checks from the baggage man. She wanted them fastened on her trunks.

—A petition is to be presented to Council at their next meeting asking that the Street Committee be instructed to continue their improvements on Radcliffe, Otter and Bath streets.

—The wife of Thomas H. Kemble committed suicide last evening at Billingsport, N. J. Mr. Kemble is well known to many of our citizens he having furnished the material for our streets from his stone quarry near Lumberville.

—A colored lad about ten years of age, named James Adams, and son of the teamster for Lewis Jones' hosiery mill, was struck by a fast train, at the Walnut street crossing, last Thursday afternoon and instantly killed. His body was thrown into the air to a considerable height.

—The storage in frame buildings of oil, benzine and other inflammable substances in quantities, should be prohibited by ordinance. There can be no security to property in the neighborhood of such dangerous articles unless storehouses are strictly guarded from fire communication with other buildings.

—A few minutes past seven o'clock last evening a fire broke out in the stable on the property belonging to Albanus Waters', corner of Cedar and Franklin streets. The building was occupied by Peter Gorman, a vender of coal oil, who went to the building to draw headlight, when the candle light ignited with it, and in a few minutes the entire building was a sheet of flames. The loss is about five hundred dollars, including a horse worth two hundred. The saving of the adjoining properties is due to the active work of the Hook and Ladder Company, assisted by a number of citizens who worked with a will in dashing water on the surrounding buildings. The steam engine arrived upon the ground rather late, owing to the impossibility of obtaining horses to pull it. Gorman, the tenant, was quite badly burned in trying to rescue his property.

Personal Mention.

MRS. J. M. ESTEP, of Cadiz, Ohio, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jesse O. Thomas.

MRS. DR. PURSELL, retured home last Tuesday after a six weeks visit to Milford, N. J.

JOHN H. BOSTWICK has gone to Ohio. He will spend about a month in the Buckeye State.

HENRY A. BAILEY and wife left last Tuesday to visit some friends at Columbus and Sidney, Ohio.

Rev. DR. KNOX and family expect to be in Bristol to-morrow. They have been spending the summer at Ripton, Vt.

MISS KATE BRECK, who has been visiting friends and relatives living on the Hudson, returned to Bristol, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. JAMES M. SLACK and Miss DAISY SLACK returned home last Saturday from the Delaware Water Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. MALCOMB BRECK, of Portland, Oregon, are the guests of Mrs. Reed. Mr. Breck was a resident of Bristol forty years ago.

MISS A. MERRIAM, principal of the Bristol Seminary, returned from Westborough, Mass., yesterday, where she had been during the vacation of her school.

—A recent article in the *North American Review* shows the great importance of the primary schools. "Out of one hundred boys and girls," it says, "who go to the primary schools, only about fifty go any further up the educational grade. About thirty advance as far as the grammar schools, while not more than three of the original one hundred who began at the bottom of the ladder ever reach the top and enter the high schools. The important fact which these statistics demonstrate is that about one-half the children who go to the public schools of this city enter upon their life-work with no more education than they can pick up at the primary establishments, while of the remaining half twenty-five per cent leave school when, or perhaps before, they have gone through the secondary course. The moral of these facts is so plain that there can be no disputing it. Since twice as many pupils attend the primary schools as go to any other department, and about one-half of them go nowhere else, the primary schools deserve and demand the largest share of attention, and their efficiency should be raised to the highest attainable standard of excellence, though it should be necessary in order to accomplish that result to curtail some of the expenses of the other and higher branches.'

SHOOTS HER REPUTED HUSBAND.—As William J. Menow, aged 28 years, living with his parents at No. 1319 North Front street, Philadelphia, was going to his work, accompanied by his father, Monday morning, about half-past six, he was shot through the heart by a woman claiming to be his wife, in front of No. 1055 North Front street, and died in fifteen minutes afterwards. She shot him from the window, and then came out with the pistol in her hand and cried over the body lying on the pavement. The young woman is the daughter of William Sperry, living at 336 Marshall street, and is the youngest of a family of ten children. The parties had been living together as man and wife for several years, but quarreling last winter they separated. The mother of the murderess says that her daugher had attempted to commit suicide on several occasions. When she was 17 she was married to William Bickel, but her marriage proving unhappy she went home to her parents. Her mother says that a physician has been treating her for the last two months for hysteria. She was committed to prison.

A MYSTERY OF FASHION.—A second hand clothier inserts a notice in a Sunday paper that he will pay large cash prices for cast-off garments in good repair. Madam drops a postal card in the morning, and the following day a good natured Jewess calls in a buggy and buys everything she can lay her eyes on. Hats, veils, plumes, collars, discarded bustles, limp corsets. soiled ribbons for neck and belt, shoes and slippers that have "stretched too big," stockings and gloves that are a season behind the fashion, petticoats that need binding, disabled parasols and fans, night dresses and underclothes that have become tiresome, steel jewelry, buckles of jet, pearl and ivory, belts, portmonnaies, reticules, and any kind or style of dresses that are whole, together with wraps, shawls, cloaks, sacks and outdoor garments. The purchaser, who sees a regular bonanza in the pile, gives her from $10 to $100 for the lot and asks permission to come again in six or twelve months. And now for the disposition of these gaudy raiments. The shoes are usually fine custom made goods, costing from $9 to $13, and as they are but slightly worn or out of style it is not hard to sell them. The dresses are cleaned, slightly altered and sold to the girls who frequent these places for the finery they find it impossible to get elsewhere. Kid gloves are mended and cleaned, feathers and ribbons are similarly treated, and where it is not possible to clean light dresses, shawls and trousers, they are dyed black, and sell like hot cakes.—*Chicago Herald.*

—At a recent meeting of the directors of the People's National Bank of Langhorne, Mr. Gove Mitchell was elected cashier.

—It is understood that a successor to Archbishop Wood, of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Philadelphia, will be either Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg; Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton; Father Walsh, of Philadelphia, or Bishop Mullen, of Erie. These names will be submitted to the Pope, who will make a selection.

☞Everybody knows they can get meats of all kinds cheaper at the Union Meat Market, corner Wood and Mill Sts., than any other place in town.

GEORGE HORNE.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post office, Wednesday evening, September 5th:—Louis Flum, Charles Milard, Ida T. McCray, James McNulta, Martha Purvis, Lizzie Ridge, Lewis Rue, Miss Mame E. Wright. Postals:—Anna Barnard, Charles Cornish, J. Lukens, Clara Montier, Nellie Ross, Anthony Scott.

THE SUMMER'S SEASIDE LESSON.

The curving sea coast of New Jersey is passing through an experience strikingly like that of the great English seaside resort, Brighton. A year ago Brighton was in the full tide of assured success. It had no money to pay for sewerage, but its builders spent thousands of pounds in adding houses to its long streets of lodgings. Its authorities refused to have a sanitary inspection made, but they ordered a libel suit against a newspaper which published one. The city built no drains to carry off its wastes, but it built a new railroad to bring in passengers. This year Brighton has had a ruinous season. Hotels have run at a loss, houses have been empty, and the city stands half ruined.

We need not go far to find like folly and like losses. The past season has not been profitable along the seaside because hotel keepers and property holders have been unwilling to pay to make it paying. Money will come to seaside resorts from guests only as money goes out to make these resorts healthy. It is a great deal easier to kill a reputation than to get one. One case of fever spoils much good bathing. Give a hotel a bad name by a bad drain and business has had a black eye for miles around. High prices mean low profits. Choked drains bring empty tills.

There is no escape from all this by any course but one—prompt expenditure for health. Yet only two places along the coast, Atlantic City and Asbury Park, are taking steps to improve draining and sewerage. In Atlantic City, the adoption of the new system comes up for decision this week. It will be a disastrous day for that Summer resort if the proposed expenditure is voted down. The example of Brighton will be repeated in our Philadelphia Brighton if it is. The public has been slow to take warning; but it is thoroughly awake now, as the past summer demonstrates.—*Phila. Press.*

THE SPORTSMAN'S HAND-BOOK FREE.—Before starting on his autumn hunting or fishing expedition the wise sportsman will do well to consult the pages of "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers," a neat and handy publication, recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. This little pamphlet finds the sportsman's paradise in the Maryland and Delaware Peninsula, and that section is exhaustively treated with regard to its hunting and fishing resources. Not only are all its birds and fishes discussed and described, but their habits are descanted upon and their haunts disclosed Valuable hints are also given as to the time and manner when an angler or gunner may work with the best success; and explicit directions as to routes and stopping places, accompanied by an excellent map of the section, renders the work a complete guide book. The book is handsomely illustrated with plates of the principal species of game, and is arranged so as to be carried in the pocket with convenience. Such a guide book to a district so rich in birds, water fowl, and fish must prove an invaluable prize to the sportsman.

Copies may be procured, free of charge, by addressing James R. Wood, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞MEAT! MEAT! MEAT!—For genuine first-class roasts, for tender and juicy steaks, for a leg of luscious mutton, for lamb chops rare, and veal beyond compare, go to the market of Edward S. Stackhouse on Mill street, near the corner of Cedar, and you will be suited.

—A number of naval cadets are undergoing trial at Annapolis on the charge of hazing. If found guilty they will be dismissed and, by law of Congress, be forever ineligible to reappointment to the Naval Academy.

☞GOOD MEAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.—There is no use paying more for meat than the market price. At Cornell's Meat Market on Dorrance street, good meat in great variety, consisting of beef, veal, mutton and lamb can be had at the lowest prices. One trial will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical.

☞Groceries! Groceries! Groceries! The place to buy fresh groceries in all their variety is at Capt. Charles H. Fenton's on the corner of Mill and Cedar streets. His stock is new and fresh and his prices are as low as the lowest. He also has on hand all vegetables in their season.

—The Greenback State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Williamsport on Wednesday afternoon, of last week. The attendance was small. T. P. Snyder, of Altoona, and Captain A. T. Marsh, of Erie, were nominated for Auditor General and State Treasurer, respectively.

LUCKY PERSONS.

Mrs. Mary S. Headley found an order for a china tea set in a can of Davis Baking Powder.

Mrs. Agnes Jewett, Mill street, found an order for a handsome lamp in a can of Davis Baking Powder.

Mrs. Mary L. Milnor found an order for a handsome shawl in a can of Davis Baking Powder.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility $1.

DIED.

TREGO.—In Newtown, Eighth month 29th, 1883, Martha Trego, widow of Charles B. Trego, aged 91 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAHLON H. STOUT,
Attorney at Law.
Special attention given to Surveying and Conveyancing and the Negotiating of Loans.
Office—44 Mill Street, Bristol.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.
We the undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm name of THOMAS B. HARKINS & CO., to continue for three years from July 11th, 1883.
Thomas B. Harkins as general partner contributes all the stock, machinery, fixtures and certain book accounts of his foundry business at Bristol, Pa., and continues in charge to manage the entire business for the new firm.
William P. Thompson, as special partner, contributes the sum of three thousand dollars in cash.
Signed, THOMAS B. HARKINS, WILLIAM P. THOMPSON.
Bristol, Pa., September 4, 1883.

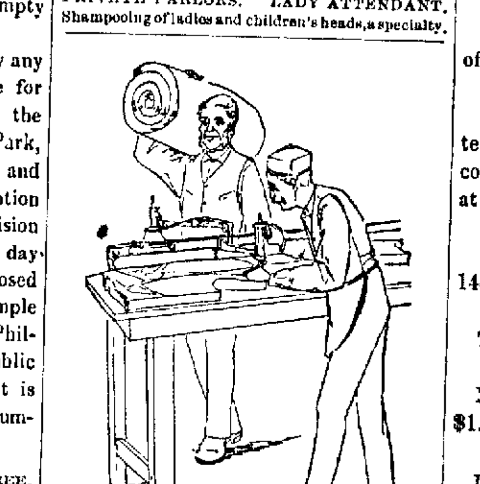
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE REDUCTION in WALL PAPERS.
For the next sixty days, in order to make room for a large assortment of Fall Goods bought from New York and Philadelphia manufacturers, I will sell stock on hand at GREATLY REDUCED RATES. Call and get prices.
W. GRACE, Paper Hanger,
76 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
P. S.—A FULL LINE OF WINDOW SHADES.

The Storeroom of J. H. BOSTWICK,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., Bristol,
WILL BE FOR RENT
BY THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.
IT WILL BE DISCONNECTED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
And will be an eligible stand for any kind of mercantile business.
IT IS 68 FEET DEEP BY 20 WIDE.

THE LIBRARY AND GOODS
ARE FOR SALE,
Together or separate. Enquire of the proprietor,
J. H. BOSTWICK.

BANGS! BANGS!
LADIES, TAKE NOTICE.
BY SPECIAL REQUEST,
MR. JOHN LANG,
The Renowned Hair-Dresser of Philada.,
Will Cut all the Latest Styles of Langtry Bangs,
On Friday, September 7th, 1883,
THIS DAY ONLY,
At GEORGE S. SILBERT'S Cottage Hotel, Bristol, Pa.
Price, 25 Cents.
PRIVATE PARLORS. LADY ATTENDANT.
Shampooing of ladies and children's heads, a specialty.

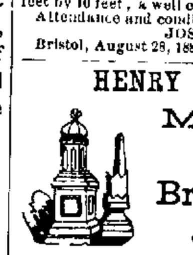


Our preparations for the approaching seasons of Fall and Winter are now completed.
We carry a large stock of Fine Ready-Made Clothing, samples of which, with self-measurement blanks, will be furnished on application.
A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

SCHOOL SUITS!
SCHOOL SUITS!
JUST RECEIVED FROM BANKRUPT SALE.
Large lot of little boy's suits, $2.25, $2 50, $3 00.
Big bargains in big boy's suits—an elegant suit for $3.75
New fall and winter suits for men—good quality, $7.00.
New lot of Felt Hats, 50 cts.
UNDERWEAR at wholesale prices.
Undershirts, 20, 25, up to 75c. for extra heavy merino, sell in the city for $1 00.
Neck Ties! Neck Ties!! All the latest fall styles, 5c. to 40c.
Fine Suspenders, 15c., high toned silk ones, 25c.
Custom-made Working Shoes, $1.30; fine Gaiters, $1.55.
Knit Jackets! Knit Jackets!! 65c., 75c., $1.00.
Fine Kid Driving Gloves, 75c.; with gauntlets.
We are now prepared to offer greater bargains than ever.
WOOD'S Cash Clothing Store,
60 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF
REAL ESTATE.
PURSUANT to a Deed of Trust from Joseph C. Wright, will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, the TWENTIETH day of SEPTEMBER, 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the following Real Estate.—A MESSUAGE and LOT OF LAND, situate in the Borough of Bristol, containing 20 feet front on the S. W. side of Dorrance street, between Wood and Pond streets, by 143 feet deep to an alley 20 feet wide, bounded by lots of William H. Osmond and James W. Martin, deceased.
The improvements are a two-story Frame Dwelling House, 14 feet 4 inches front by 30 feet deep, containing six rooms, with portico in front, and cellar underneath, and a one-story shed kitchen back, 14½ feet by 10 feet, a well of water and pump therein.
Attendance and conditions at sale by
JOSEPH W. SWAIN, Trustee.
Bristol, August 28, 1883.

HENRY MITCHELL,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTER,
Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.



MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES AND STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c.

PATENTS OBTAINED AT HOME.
A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney at Law.
ASSOCIATE OF W. E. WIEHERBEE, SOLICITOR IN PATENT CLAIMS.
Let me see a sketch or model of your invention. Advice as to novelty and cost of obtaining a good valid patent, free Rejected cases a specialty. Labels and trade marks registered.

THE PLACE TO BUY
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
And all the Popular Patent Medicines, is at
YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,
55 BATH STREET.
Our Motto—Purity and Accuracy.
A full line of Chipman and Nice's Mixed Paints and Colors Guaranteed pure.

INDEPENDENT MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
BYBERRY, Eighth mo. 13, 1883.
THE Annual Meeting and Election of the INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, will be held at the house of CHARLES STOUT, HOLMESBURG, on MONDAY, SEPT. 3d, 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M.
LESTER COMLY, Secretary.

B. C. ANDREWS,
Merchant Tailor,
702 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Prices as low as is consistent with good material, substantial trimming and skilled workmanship

WAGON FOR SALE.
FOR SALE CHEAP, A COVERED WAGON, suitable for grocery, milk or truck wagon, nearly new, made by Wilson Randall, of the best materials. Wagon can be seen at No. 16 Mill street.
G. S. STONE

For Sale Cheap.
HOUSE AND LOT, corner Wood and Mulberry streets. Lot 58 by 117 feet. Apply to JOHN C. STUCKERT.

For Sale.
HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONTHLY PRICE CURRENT.

NEW INDUCEMENTS TO PAY CASH.

My prices are as low as can be bought elsewhere, and the finest goods to be had in the market. I will allow
THREE PER CENT. OFF ON ALL CASH SALES,
On all goods except Sugars. All goods are warranted. If not as represented money will be returned.
R. D. JONES,
Corner Radcliffe and Mill Streets.

You can have one 2lb can best Corned Beef for 30c. Never was so low.

Have you tried my fancy Table Syrup, 70c. per gallon. Try it and you will have no other.

Remember there is three per cent. off on all cash sales.

The finest New Orleans Molasses in the market for 80c. per gallon.

My small Hams are selling fast at 16½c. per pound.

On every dollar you buy, three cents off for Cash.

I have the finest Iowa Creamery Butter on hand all the time. Customers come from all parts of the town to get it, at 30 cents per pound.

Finest Lard to be had in the market, 14c. per pound.

Three per cent. off for Cash.

Mason jars, porcelain lined caps, qts. $1.25, pts., $1.10.

Lunch Tongue in 1lb. cans, 40c., very fine.

Extra large smoked Beef Tongues, 90c.

My cheese I receive from the celebrated Rockvale factory, very fine 16c.

Don't forget, three per cent off for Cash.

	per lb.
SUGARS.	
Cut Loaf,	11
Powdered	11
Granulated, Standard,	9½
A "	9
C "	8
COFFEE.	
Rio, Good,	18
" Best,	20
Maracaibo, Best,	23
Laguayra, "	23
Java, "	30
Mocha, "	40
TEAS.	
Black, Good,	25
" "	35
" Fine,	50
" Best,	80
Japan, Fine,	50
" Best,	80
Imperial,	60
MOLASSES.	
New Orleans,	60
" Extra,	80
Porto Rico,	60
Syrup, Extra,	70
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Small Hams.	16½
Smoked Beef, chipped,	28
Breakfast Bacon,	16
Mess Pork,	16
Tongues,	90
Best Lard,	14
Extra Iowa Butter,	30
One pound Roll Butter,	20
Extra Carolina Rice,	9
Marrow Beans,	12
Small "	10
Peas,	8
Hominy,	8
" Breakfast, 5lbs.,	25
3 lbs. Good Prunes,	25
4 qts. Apples,	25
French Prunes,	15
Baker's Chocolate,	45
" Cocoa,	30
Epps "	25
Country Eggs,	45
Fine N. Y. Cheese,	16

SOAPS.	
Babbitt's best,	6
Paragon,	5
Frank Siddal 's,	9
Oleine, Proctor & Gamble's,	8
Borax, Drydopple's,	10
Ivory,	8
Dobbin's Electric,	10
Kitchen Crystal,	6
Soapine,	5
Glycerine,	10
Toilet,	5
Castile,	5 and 10
CANNED GOODS.	
3 cans good Tomatoes,	25
Standard "	12
Baker's Corn,	10
Winslow's Corn,	12
Boston Baked Beans,	22
Plum Pudding, 2 lbs.,	45
Apricots,	35
Ox Heart Cherries,	35
Hapgood's Salmon,	18
Bear Brand "	18
Soused Mackerel, 1 lb.,	15
" " 3 lb.,	40
Broiled " 2 lb.,	30
Fresh Lobster,	18
Sardines, Oil,	20
" Mustard,	20
" Spiced,	20
Olive Oil, Small,	12
" " Best,	45
Worcestershire Sauce,	28
American "	10
Catsup, ½ pints,	10
" pints,	15
Durham Mustard,	35
Colman's " ¼lb	16
Mixed "	15
Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles,	35
Lime Juice,	50
Olives,	50
Hazen's Maple Syrup,	48
American Starch,	7
" " 3lb. boxes,	22
" Corn Starch,	9
Duryeas "	12
Royal Baking Powder,	13
Rumford's Yeast Powder,	12
Pearline,	8
Sudsena,	6

R. D. JONES,
CORNER RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS., BRISTOL, PA.

REDUCTION
In Price of Spices.
The new tariff law having gone into effect July 1st, last, nearly the whole list of SPICES has been materially reduced. The former duty affected the prices very considerably, being so much as 20 cents a pound on Nutmegs and 25 cents on Mace. A duty of 30 cents a pound is now placed on all the more important ground Spices which effectually prevents the importation of them in that form. This is an advantage to the consumer as the more recent an article has been powdered the better is its quality.
Our stock is now, as it always has been kept, strictly fresh and without a particle of adulteration, and as low in price as can be sold by any one.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,
S. W COR. MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S
ACADEMY for Young Men and Boys, Media, Penn, 12 miles from Philadelphia. School year opens September 12th. Fixed prices covers every expense even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Thirteen experienced teachers, all men and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English Scientific, Business, Classical, or Civil Engineering Course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. A Physical and a Chemical Laboratory, a fine Gymnasium and Ball ground. 1 500 vols added to Library in 1883. Apparatus doubled in 1883. A graduating class in Commercial Department in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new Illustrated Circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard University Graduate), Media, Penn.

School for Boys.
MR. H. H. POUNDS, A. B.,
A graduate of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., will open a School for Boys on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, in the school building on Radcliffe street near Jefferson avenue.
The school will prepare for college or business
The school year will be divided into two terms, and the charge for tuition will be $30 per term.
Other information will be given by Messrs. Burnet Landreth, Joshua Peirce, R. H. Morris, Charles Sturdevant, or the Rev. Dr. Knox

WESTERN
MARYLAND COLLEGE.
Male and Female Departments. Situation most healthful and delightful. Full corps of instructors, both in College and Preparatory School. Well-ordered Christian family government. Terms moderate. Thirty-third Session begins Sept. 4th 1883. For Catalogue, &c., address
REV. J. T. WARD, President, or MISS L. A. OWINGS, Preceptress,
Westminster, Md.

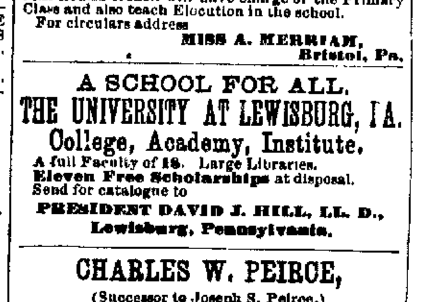
KINDERGARTEN
AND
PRIMARY SCHOOL
WILL REOPEN AT
NO. 38 RADCLIFFE STREET,
SEPTEMBER 17th.

THE MISSES CABEEN
WILL REOPEN THEIR SCHOOL,
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th.

BRISTOL SEMINARY.
THE BRISTOL SEMINARY will enter upon its ninth year September 12th Music under the direction of Miss Eva J. Swain Mad'lle Perigot will continue her classes in French and German, and Miss Louisa Iredell will have charge of the Primary Class and also teach Elocution in the school.
For circulars address
MISS A. MERRIAM,
Bristol, Pa.

A SCHOOL FOR ALL.
THE UNIVERSITY AT LEWISBURG, PA.
College, Academy, Institute.
A full Faculty of 18. Large Libraries.
Eleven Free Scholarships at disposal.
Send for catalogue to
PRESIDENT DAVID J. HILL, LL. D.,
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

CHARLES W. PEIRCE,
(Successor to Joseph S. Peirce,)



Dealer in
COAL, WOOD, COKE AND SOAP.
Office and Yards:
Corner of Washington and Canal Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

30 Days. SPECIAL CARPET SALE. 30 Days.
TO CLOSE OUT SUCH PATTERNS AS ARE OUT OF LOOM.
300 Pieces (about 20 Patterns) of our Best STANDARD VELVETS, much superior for service than Moquette Carpets.
250 Pieces (about 25 Patterns) of Best 5-frame BODY BRUSSELS, suitable for Parlors, Bed Rooms, Offices. Our make, and standard Goods.
300 Pieces (about 25 Patterns of our Standard TAPESTRY BRUSSELS. We manufacture cheaper grades but have not as yet placed them on our Retail floors, as we are offering standard Goods for about the same prices.
250 Pieces (about 20 Patterns) Extra Super, ALL-WOOL CARPETS All of which we offer at the following prices:
VELVETS (sold last season at $1 60,) now .... $1 25 per yd.
BODY BRUSSELS, (sold last season at $1 50) now .... 1 15 " "
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, (sold last season at $1,) now .... 80 and 75c. " "
Extra Super All-Wool INGRAINS, (market value $1 00,) .... 75c " "
The above prices are fully 25 per cent. lower than we have ever before named. Such an opportunity is seldom offered and will close out the above quickly.
August 23, 1883.
J. J. DOBSON, Manufacturers,
809 & 811 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Take it cool this warm weather by buying a PORCH ROCKER at $1 to $2.
Get refreshed at night by sleeping on a good HAIR MATTRESS, from $12 to $30. All other goods at mid-summer prices.
IVINS & BRO.,
No. 68 North Second Street, below Arch Street, Philadelphia.

NEW YORK SHOPPING.
PERSONS living at a distance from New York can send to us for any article they want as we have unequalled facilities for purchasing at the very lowest jobbing prices, from the largest and most reliable importing houses in the city. All orders filled promptly.
DRESS GOODS, of any style.
UNDERWEAR, of any quality,
MILLINERY, BOOTS, SHOES,
HOSIERY.
Ladies ordering Hair Goods or Millinery, should state their age, height, complexion and general style. In ordering Dress Goods be particular to state the highest price you are willing to pay, and rest assured that the judgment and active experience of years are at your disposal.
P. H. BRADY.

To the Ladies!
PLEASE EXAMINE OUR PRICE LIST OF
EMBROIDERY SILKS,
CREWELLS, &c.
2 skeins, 12c, 3 knots, 10c, 3 skeins Embroidery Silk, 3c, 1 skein Embroidery Chenille, 4c; 1 skein Arasine, 8c.; 1 skein Etching Silk, 5c., 3 skeins French Cotton, 12c; 1 Lap Split Zephyr, 9c; 3 Kensington and 2 Chenille Needles, 2c., 5 cross-stitch patterns, 10c., 3 new Tidy Patterns, 20c.
WE GIVE FULL INSTRUCTION FOR DOING STAMPING THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.
2 Stamping patterns for Kensington, 15c.; 1 for outline, 10c., 1 for flannel, 5c.; 1 for braiding, 5c.; 1 box of powder, 25c
Special Attention Given to Orders.
STAMPING PATTERNS AT WHOLESALE.
Outfits from $1 to $5.
Parties can have their goods sent by mail to us, and have them stamped. They will be satisfactorily done and returned by mail the next day.
DESIGNS, MONOGRAMS, COATS OF ARMS, CHURCH DESIGNS, EMBLEMS, &c., MADE TO ORDER.
All Goods Made Warranted.
P. H. BRADY,
361 SIXTH AVENUE,
Between 22d and 23d Sts., NEW YORK.

Florence Knitting Silk.



Positively the only Silk suitable for knitting which will bear washing without injury to color or texture. Sold by all enterprising dealers.
Our latest book on Knitting (No. 4), with samples of Knitting and Etching Silk, sent on receipt of three 2 cent stamps.
NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all whom it may concern that MAGGIE F. BAILEY has left my bed and board; therefore I will not pay any bills of her contracting from this date.
W. R. BAILEY.
August 20, 1883.

Bristol Cemetery.
THE managers of this Cemetery have
LAID OUT AND IMPROVED
About Seventeen Acres of Ground
FOR BURIAL PURPOSES,
In a location that is believed to be the best that could be secured, as it is convenient, well drained, secure from encroachment, and the sub-soil a dry sand and gravel. A considerable number of lots have already been sold and interments have commenced. The prices have been fixed much lower than other places of interment in this vicinity and range from 20 cents a square foot for lots not situated directly on the avenues or other prominent parts, to 35 cents a square foot for the choicest lots in Section C—making the price for a lot 9 by 15 feet, $27 and $47 25, respectively. Lots may be obtained larger or smaller, various sizes being on the plan which will be furnished to those intending to purchase.
A commodious and secure Receiving Vault has been constructed for the use of lot owners.
A suitable place has been reserved for single interments.
Further information may be obtained of
H. PURSELL, Secretary.

NEWPORTVILLE
MILLS!



I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public generally that my mill has been thoroughly repaired and refitted with all the modern improvements in the machinery line The PATENT PROCESS for flour has been adopted and gives satisfaction in every respect, and I can offer to the public as fine a grade of flour as can be found in the market.
☞Prime Timothy Seed for sale.
Wheat, Oats and Corn Wanted.
☞Grists ground on short notice
I. C. FETTER,
Newportville.

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.
On and after June 13, 1883, trains leave Vine and Shackamaxon St Ferries, Philadelphia,
FOR ATLANTIC CITY:
EXPRESS .... 9 30 a. m., 3 00 and 4 00 p. m.
ACCOMMODATION .... 8 a. m. and 4 30 p. m.
SUNDAY FAST EXPRESS .... 7 30 and 9 00 a. m.
SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION .... 8 a. m., 4 30 p. m.
LOCAL TRAINS FROM PHILADELPHIA
Haddonfield, 7, 8, 10 and 11 a. m., 12 m., 2, 4, 6, 6 30 p m. Sundays, 8, 9 a. m., 4 30 p. m. From Vine street only, 7.30 9 30 p. m.
From Pennsylvania Railroad station foot of Market street, 7 30 a. m., 3 10 and 5 p. m. week days. Sundays, 9 a. m., 5 30 p. m.
For Atco, 8 a. m., 12 noon, 4, 4.30, 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. From foot of Market street 11.30 p. m.
For Hammonton, 8 00 a. m., 4 30 and 6 00 p. m. Saturdays only, from foot of Market street 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m., 4 30 p. m.
For Lakeside, 11 a. M. and 2 p. m.
For Marlton, Medford, Mount Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market street, week days, 7 30 a. m., 3.10 and 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 a. m. and 5 30 p. m. From Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 10 a. m. week days.
☞Woodruff Parlor Cars on all express trains.
W. N. BANNARD, Superintendent. J. R. WOOD, Genl. Passr. Agent

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Bristol Borough on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th and 31st, for the purpose of receiving the School Taxes. All School Taxes that are unpaid after the 1st of September are liable to costs.
CHARLES S. BAILEY, Collector.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Gazette Office, BRISTOL, PA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMOVAL.
THE
BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE
HAS REMOVED
TO ITS NEW QUARTERS
ON MILL STREET,
OPPOSITE RADCLIFFE.
Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer as a flour and feed store and coal yard, where we will be happy to see all our former customers, and as many new ones as will favor us with their patronage.
We have constantly in stock and for sale a large and well-selected assortment of
COOKING STOVES,
RANGES,
Parlor, Hall and Office Stoves,
DOUBLE HEATERS,
FOR HEATING TWO OR MORE ROOMS,
FURNACES,
Either portable or set in brick,
STOVE HOLLOW WARE,
Custom-Made Tinware,
MILK CANS,
And in fact everything usually kept in a first-class house-furnishing store.
Tin Roofing
Done at the lowest possible price for cash. Old Roofs repaired and painted. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Coal! Coal.



After this date we shall be prepared to furnish and deliver the
Best Quality of Coal,
Well screened and free from slate. All we ask is a fair trial, and if your orders are filled satisfactorily, we hope they will be repeated.
Thankful for past favors we hope for a continuance of the same.
THOMAS BARNARD,
Mill Street, opposite Radcliffe,
Near Steamboat Landing.
Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer

EVERY LADY
SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR
Strawbridge & Clothier's
FASHION QUARTERLY.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Nearly one thousand engravings, illustrating the new things in every department of fashion
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Four pages of new music, in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
The prices of all kinds of Dry Goods, together with descriptions and engravings to show what they look like
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home, and the newest things in art needle work.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Instructions how the distant consumer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city
PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR.
SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia

BRICKS!
BUILDING BRICKS FOR SALE.
Manufactured at the Old Established Brick Works
(ESTABLISHED 1828)
AT KINKORA, N. J.,
On the Delaware River above Florence, and on the line of the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the Junction of the Kinkora and Columbus Railroad The location of this yard makes it convenient for shipping by either water or rail to almost any part of the State. I also manufacture and keep in stock at my yard Long Lane and Mifflin Street, Philadelphia, the best quality of Philadelphia Pressed, Paving and other hand made Bricks, and sell them at the lowest cash prices
MURRELL DOBBINS,
LONG LANE AND MIFFLIN STREET
PHILADELPHIA

AN ORDINANCE

AUTHORIZING THE DELAWARE AND ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE COMPANY TO ERECT POLES UPON CERTAIN STREETS IN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, AND TO PLACE WIRES THEREON.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this ordinance, The Delaware and Atlantic Telegraph and Telephone Co. be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to establish a telephone exchange within the said Borough of Bristol, and for that purpose they are hereby granted the privilege of erecting poles, under the supervision of and subject to the approval of the Street committee, upon Otter, Mill and Pond streets, and that part of Radcliffe street north of the northerly line of St Mark's Catholic Church, and to place wires thereon.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, this Sixth day of August, A. D. 1883.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Burgess.

Attest:—JESSE O THOMAS, Clerk.

RIVER STEAMERS.

The Steamboat Silver Star
Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Phila. delphia at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Fare, 25 cents Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

Trips Resumed.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 A. M., and 4 P.M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40 cents.

STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT.
The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P.M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 9.30 A.M. and 5 00 P. M. Fare, 25c. Excursion, 40c
Freight taken at low rates.
HENRY CRAWFORD, Captain.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
EDWIN FORREST
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	7,	2½P.M.	Friday,	7,	8½P.M.
Saturday,	8,	2½P.M.	Saturday,	8,	6½A.M.
Monday,	10,	6½A.M.	Monday,	10,	10 A.M.
Tuesday,	11,	7½A.M.	Tuesday,	11,	11½P.M.
Wedn'sday,	12,	8½A.M.	Wedn'sday,	12,	12½P.M.
Thursday,	13,	9½A.M.	Thursday,	13,	1½P.M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 60 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

From the Springfield Republican.

WET WEATHER TALK.

BY J. W. RILEY.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

Men gener'ly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence
And takes things as they come,—
That is, the commonality
Of men that've lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different—
I've seed young men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball!
But all the same, the rain some way
Rained jest as hard on picnic day,
Or when they really wanted it,
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then;
But maybe, ef you're wonderin' who
You've fool'd ... your umbrell'r,
And want it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you ain't got none.

It aggervates the farmers, too—
They's too much wet, or too much sun,
Or work, or waitin' round to do
Before the plowin's done,
And maybe, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a jintin' out!

These here cy-clones a-foolin' round!
And back'ard crops—and wind and rain
And yit the corn that's wallerd down
May elbow up again!
They ain't no sense, as I can see,
Fer mortals, sich as you and me,
A faultin' Nature's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

STRAWS FOR THE DROWNING.

Drowning men catch at straws. The Democracy in several States in which the political tide is now rising realize that it is drowning, and it is interesting to glance at the straws upon which it places its reliance in the absence of bona-fide life saving apparatus.

In this State the straw is labelled "Tally for Tammany." Democracy by a large majority hates John Kelly with a perfect hatred. There is scarcely a Democratic newspaper between here and Buffalo that has not taken occasion within the last five years to pillory him in its columns as a traitor. He bolts Democratic nominations, he defeats Democratic State tickets, he checkmates Democratic Governors, he tramples upon the authority of Democratic State Committees. And yet to-day the Democracy of New York—with the millstone of the last Legislature about its neck as a preventive of swimming—is clutching at Kelly as if he was a patent life preserver.

In Massachusetts the straw is Governor Butler. And such a straw! No man has more virulently abused the Bay State Democrats, no man is more repulsive to the self-respecting element in the party. They are all perfectly well aware that he despises them as heartily as they despise him, and that he regards them simply as means to an end—the end being his own selfish ambition. No matter. "Any port in a storm." The water is deep, they are unable to swim against the Republican current, and in their sore distress it occurs to them that if Butler would only seize hold of them by the hair he might save them.

In Ohio the straw is thin and weak, even for a straw. It is called "anti-sumptuary laws" by one portion of the party, and "too-much-rum-is-just-enough" by a franker faction. It is frayed about the edges, is badly split and is fast decaying. The idea of Judge Hoadly's imagining that it will keep his head above water in November!

In Iowa the straw is a coalition with the Greenbackers. This, as we need not inform our readers, is a straw which a drowning Democracy has frequently placed under its chin. General Weaver, the Greenback candidate for Governor, and all his immediate following, are, says the *Iowa Register*, "under the close and direct orders and mastery of the Democratic Committee."

It is a preposterous straw—a wretched, disreputable straw. A party that had any character to lose would much prefer to sink than to take hold of such a thing, even if contact meant safety.

In Pennsylvania—but the Democrats all forlorn of that State up to the hour of the *Tribune's* going to press had not been able to discover a straw. It is believed they will be drowned with dignity and without a struggle. Without wishing to add to the dejection of the Democracy of the other States which we have mentioned, we may remark that the managers of the life saving stations of the country are at one in asserting that straws never saved anybody.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Prosperous Trade Season Predicted.—It was noted on Saturday that the tide of summer travel was setting strongly toward home. The pleasantest season of the year for life outside of the city, and in some respects the worst season in it, is yet to come, but business people feel that they must be at their posts by the 1st of September, and so, though thousands who are not imperatively needed at home will remain by the seashore and among the mountains for the next two months, the vacation season is practically ended. Not only must the merchants and other business men return, but as the school of all the cities open with September, the children and their mothers must come home also. The holidays have ended for them all. As for the fall season in business, all authorities agree that it never was better. The wholesale houses have been busy through the greater part of August, their sales having been almost unprecedentedly early, and they have sold so many goods as to indicate that the retailers expect an early and brisk demand from the consuming public. All the signs join to show that a very brisk and prosperous season is beginning, which will continue through the winter. The recent flurry in stocks has had the effect of restoring confidence. Since nobody was badly hurt by it, the public has accepted it as an indication that nobody was in danger, consequently the whole community feels rich, and is disposed to spend money freely. This will make a prosperous season of trade, both wholesale and retail.—*Inquirer.*

How to Choose a Wife.—The wise patriarch advised his son to select a wife who would not step over a broomstick. As the story goes, the son was obedient, and at a gay May-day party deputed a broomstick to choose for him a wife by placing it in the way the maidens were obliged to pass. Some of them stumbled over it, others jumped over it, until at length one orderly young lady (probably a born housekeeper) stooped and put it in its place. True to his word, the young man made her his wife, the broomstick having decided the matter. Whether the marriage was a happy one or not the legend does not disclose. If a young man desires a wife to keep his house alone the the plan adopted by the hero of the story might be a good one. If he wants a companion the broomstick test might not be infallible. To have a place for everything and to keep everything in its place is a good axiom, but there are women possessed of noble and endearing qualities who step over broomsticks every day. Nevertheless, a good housekeeper will avoid much of the friction of domestic life, and every effort which tends to perfection in the art is commendable.—*The Record.*

UNSTABLE NEW JERSEY.

Red Bank, Aug. 30.—At low tide every day men search the banks of the Shrewsbury River for soft crabs and shedders. They pick the crabs up with their hands, which they thrust into holes in the black, thick mud that forms the river bottom. Keeping company with the soft shells in these holes are eels, snapping turtles, and big blue clawed hard-shell crabs. But, unpleasant as these things render the work, there is greater danger in the river bottom itself. Jake Lafetra, the other day, while walking on the bank which railroad passengers see from the bridge across the Shrewsbery, carried his long handled crab net in one hand. He made one step too many, and sank to his armpits. Fortunately, he was able to fling his pole down lengthwise flat on the mud, and by its aid he managed to wiggle out of the mud. Yet further up the river is a bed of ooze mud, or slit. A little fresh water spring has deposited the slit there in a big hole, filling it up. It is so soft that one can row a round bottomed boat through it, or push a flat bottomed boat over it. John Robinson, of Red Bank, who is a crabber also, was at work there, pulling his boat after him. He stepped into this slit and went all the way in. He never would have been heard of again if he had not happened to have hold of his boat. The eels, with which the place is almost literally alive, would have left nothing but his bones, and those would most likely never have been found. He pulled himself out.

Quicksands are common here. Andrew Coleman's well ran low, and he ordered it sunk deeper. Robert Van Schoick went to work digging in it, dug the bottom out of it, and now it is the dryest spot on tha property. It seems that the water-bearing strata had a bottom of marl impervious to water. When that was perforated there was nothing underneath but quicksand. Mr Jose F. E. Navarro wanted an ice house built on his place at Rumson. His men soon struck quicksand. As fast as they dug it out it filled in. He offered $100 a foot for them to go on. They told him it couldn't be done for $1,000 a foot, but that if he said the word they would keep at work till his mansion (100 feet away) fell in. They said that they noticed that the sand moved from that direction, and if they dug long enough the house would drop into the ground.

The lightning is especially severe just at that point. The only explanation for this is afforded by an old colored man, who says that Rumson Neck is full of iron and the iron attracts the electricity. He says he knows the ground is full of iron, because black cherries grow there, and adds that black cherries only grow where there is iron in the ground. When the New York and Long Branch bridge over the Shrewsbury was building it was found that the first blow of the pile driver sent the biggest piles half their length into the mud. It was next found that seventy foot or even eighty foot piles could be driven all the way in. There was apparently no bottom to the mud. So the workmen drove the piles just where they wanted them and there let them stay. The mud then fixed them solid and tight.

The Progress of Electricity.—The startling announcement is made that a contract has been drawn for the introduction of electricity as motive power on a line of tram cars from Paris to Versailles. Experiments have been made in Paris to test the value of electricity as a substitute for horse power on street cars, and a speed of eleven miles an hour was easily obtained, although the car was heavily loaded. The Faure storage system, which this journal was the first to predict would be available for such a purpose, was employed in the experiments, and with very satisfactory results. In Berlin, Paris and London contracts are already signed for the application of electricity to railway service as a matter of economy for the railways, and it is even said that the cost of electricity will be not more than half that of horse power for the Paris tram cars. With such facts before us it is not difficult to believe that electric power will soon be substituted for steam and horse power in the passenger traffic of our own city, and it is impossible to conjecture the magnitude of the electric railway system of the United States at the end of the century. It is not to be wondered that famous electricians are devoting their whole energies to development of the utility of electricity for light and motive power, when they see what progress has been made within recent years. It requires only ordinary discernment to perceive that electric light will be used almost exclusively in the streets and best buildings of the city, private as well as public, within a very few years.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Pugs Stuffed by Baltimore Girls.—The Baltimore girls are an independent species, who will not submit to be hampered, even by fashion, too much. If they must wear a dog as they do a bouquet, they will not consent to allow Dame Fashion to dictate the shape, or size, or style of dog to be worn. Hence it is that a close observer in the park on a fair afternoon will see that every lady who makes a pretence to style wears a different make of dog—a dog with some feature or characteristic different from any other canine on the drive. This variety is easily secured. We are about to give a local secret away, because, as journalists, it is our duty to tell the truth, and to furnish information upon all subjects. The secret of this admirable variety is that every lady makes her own dog. She decides for herself the style of dog she will affect. She then buys the shaded plush, cloth, satin, linen or fur that her nimble fingers can manipulate into the shape she wants, and then she cuts out her canine pet, stuffs it with raw cotton, sews on its tail and ears, fits a couple of glass marbles in for eyes, and then she has a dog which she can hold in the most graceful attitude, suited precisely in size and shape to her favorite breed, and in color harmonizing beautifully with her complexion and dress. Some ultra fashionable families have a number of these pudding pugs and poodles made up and constantly on hand to match their various costumes.—*Baltimore News.*

The South is fortunate in the acquisition of a new plant called Japan clover, and it is being made a standard grass crop. The clover is low in growth, barely exceeding four inches in height. Its value is due to its ability to grow under many disadvantages, for it will reseed itself, stand drought, and occupy locations that are unfit for any other purpose. It seems to fill a vacancy long felt, and for the pasture cannot be surpassed, especially for sheep.

Miles of spruce forests in Maine are dead. Lumbermen are not agreed as to the cause. About eight years ago the heavy Autumn rain loosened the earth, and that was followed by terrible gales and a severe winter. The theory, however, generally accepted by the best judges is that the trees died from old age. The decay is mainly in the sections which have not been cut over. The age spruce is from sixty to ninety years.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The doctors disagree. The now famous fossil footprints found last year at Carson, Nevada, and supposed to have been made by prehistoric human giants, are regarded by Prof. O. C. Marsh as probable tracks of a large sloth. It is stated, however, that Dr. Harkness still insists that the impressions were left by a species of man, and that he finds his theory strengthened by fresh discoveries of tracks even more clearly defined than those first uncovered.

Mons Faye has shown that the whirlwinds of dust observed by Prejevalsky in Central Asia, like those of Mexico, India and the Sahara, have the same origin and mechanical action as the tornadoes of the United States and all waterspouts. They are all alike spiral movements descending with upright axis and always travelling horizontally in a nearly straight line. The general belief that the dust on land and the water at sea ascend from the surface high into the air is due, Mons. Faye tells us, is an optical illusion.

Attention has again been called—this time by Mons. J. Girard—to the supposed changes of level of the earth's surface reported from certain parts of Europe. Villages in the Jura which were hidden from each other no longer than forty years ago have gradually risen in sight, while in a village of Bohemia the inhabitants now see half of a distant church spire of which only the top was visible thirty years ago. The apparent rising of these places must, it is thought, be a result of the warping of the solid crust of the earth. To detect further changes in the Bohemian locality a line of levels has been run.

Following the example of Paris, the municipality of Algiers has established a chemical labratory for the analysis of food substances and the detection of adulteration.

Previous to 1870, according to a new work by Prof. Wittrock, the so called "red snow" was thought to be the only plant growing on ice and snow. Since that time, however, Nordenskjold and Berggren have discovered several ice and snow algae in Greenland, one of them, *Ancylonema Nordenskjoldii*, being abundant. Still later investigation has proven these plants to be more numerous yet, Dr. Kjellman finding at Spitzbergen not only "red snow," but "green snow"—which contained more than a dozen plant-forms. The snow flora now includes thirty-seven species, and the ice flora ten species. These plants are almost entirely algae of miscroscopical size and very low organization, growing sometimes singly and sometimes in colonies. They are generally of bright colors—red, purplish brown, and green being common. Under the dark mass of the plants the ice melts very rapidly, and Nordenskjold even suggests that the very abundant Ancylonema may have greatly hastened the disappearance of the ice deserts which once covered so large a part of Europe and America.

Herr Wieler, experimenting at Tubinger, has discovered that the growth of plants is more rapid under diminished atmospheric pressure—all other external conditions being the same—than at normal pressure. On the other hand, increasing the pressure lessens the rate of growth, the minimum being reached at two or two and one-half atmospheres.

In a recent lecture before the Royal Institution of London, Sir William Thompson presented four lines of argument by which physicists have been enabled to estimate the size of molecules—the invisible particles which are supposed to constitute all matter. Stated roughly it is shown by this reasoning—with a high degree of probability—that, in ordinary liquids, transparent solids or seemingly apaque solids, the average distance between the centre of contiguous molecules is less than one two-millionth of an inch and greater than one four-hundred-millionth part of an inch. If a globe of water or glass six and one-third inches in diameter were magnified to the size of the earth, the site of each constituent molecule being increased in the same proportion, then the magnified mass would be more coarse grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse grained than a heap of six-and-a-third-inch globes.

A novel method is adopted in China to protect carrier pigeons from birds of prey. An apparatus made of about ten small bamboo tubes is attached to the pigeon's tail in such a way that a shrill whistling sound is produced by the rush of air across the tubes.

A letter from Capt. Dawson, commander of the British Circumpolar Expedition, states that the Indians have reported the existence of ruins about twenty miles distant from Fort Rae, and and that, if the descriptions given are correct, the remains must resemble those of Mexico and Yucatan. The Indians are superstitiously afraid to approach the ruins, but Captain Dawson's communication announces his intention to make an early trip to them.

A remarkable story of a London dentist is told as follows: "Mrs. Bancroft, the well known actress, visited a celebrated dentist, who seldom handles any but aristocratic jaws, to have her teeth examined. Knowing the weakness of the expert, she asked what his charge was, but he refused to say until he had completed an inspection and some cleaning. This done, he said his charge was $250. The lady protested, and offered $100, which, she said, was all the money she had with her. She added she had brought so much because she was told the charge would be exorbitant, and provided herself with a sum expected to meet the highest figure. She declares that the fashionable dentist took the $100, and, clapping his back to the door, would not allow her to leave until she had signed a note for the rest. The case is to be heard in court."

Up in Chautauqua county one day last week a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well," said the farmer, I believe thar's one of them slycoons coming."

A Minneapolis Land Agent.—While riding out across the unfenced prairies three miles beyond the city, I came across two men. One had his pocket full of signs and the other carried an axe and bundle of stakes. After pacing around for a time in the tall grass, the man with the hatchet drove a stake and the other man pulled forth and tacked to it "This house and lot for sale or rent on easy terms." Accosting him, I exclaimed, "Man alive, what do you mean by putting up such a sign on an unknown prairie? There isn't a house or a street within a mile of here." Looking up pityingly, and drawing a roll of paper from his pocket, the agent replied: "Here is the plan for a seven-room house. This afternoon twenty-four men will begin its construction. Here is a contract for its lease already signed at $25 per month, and a week from next Saturday the tenant will move in. My name is Herrick. I'll sell you a lot fronting this double track street car line on this broad avenue for $3,000. Cheap as dirt. Next week you can refuse $6,000 for your property.

Catching my breath, I protested: "Broad avenue! Double track street car line! Great King, this is an open prairie. It has never even been ploughed."

But from the other pocket jumped another roll of papers. "Here is the plan of a street I had recorded this morning, and here is a petition for a street car line. In sixty days you will have both. Here I have a deed all filled out except signing, and I can make this lot right over to you now. We'll get witnesses down town."

"Your lot," I timidly ventured, "is small, only sixteen feet."

"Small!" yelled Herrick in a tragic and injured voice. "Do you call sixteen feet front small? Why, you can build a three story house on that lot, and that is large enough for anybody." At this I cut the horse and galloped away through the grass, lest I should fall a victim to Herrick's blandishments and schemes.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

It is a curious fact that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which are found to last unimpaired for ages, in consequence of being impregnated with the salt, while pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time by the decay of their mortar. It is also found that wooden piles driven into the mud of salt flats and marshes last for an unlimited time, and are used for the foundation of brick and stone edifices; and the practice of docking timber after it has been seasoned, by immersing it for some time in sea water, is generally admitted to be promotive of its durability.

"Buchupaiba"

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Josh Billings owns a pair of horses named respectively "Tom and Jerry." A "spirited" team, evidently, and likely to throw a man.

☞As a cure for Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness, Dr. Graves Heart Regulator is unsurpassed. Thirty years trial prove it. $1 per bottle at your druggist.

A Watch Hill young lady wishes to know what is a proper fancy dress ball costume for a girl with very auburn—in fact, red—hair, and is thus advised by the *Christian at Work*. Wear a green dress and put seeds in your hair and go as a watermelon.

"All that I Desired."

☞"*I had Salt Rheum for 19 years. Four packages of Dr. Benson's Skin Cure entirely cured me.*"—F. P. Lavelle, Merced, Cal. $1 at druggists.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

☞The most reliable, carefully prepared and best purgative of the present age is Brandreth's Pills.

They are compounded of Roots, Herbs and Gums of the most healing and beneficial kind.

As a Family Medicine they are unrivalled, curing Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia—clearing the blood of all impurities—acting on the Liver, Kidneys and other important organs, removing the waste tissue, and adding years to the lives of all who use them.

For fifty years they have been used by the American public, and their constantly increasing sales show how they are appreciated.

A PERFECT REMEDY IN 20 DISEASES.

Ashfield, Mass.

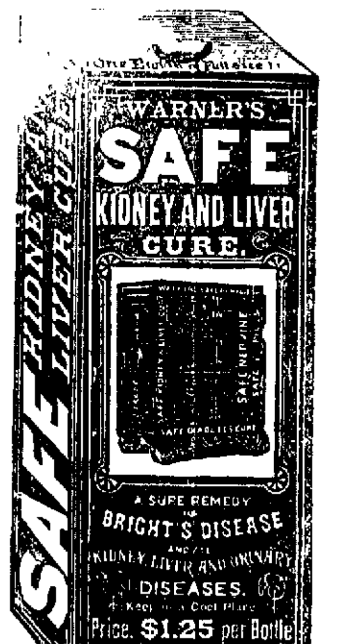
I am verging on eighty years, and deem it my duty to suffering humanity to say that my long life is due to Brandret's Pills, which have been my sole medicine for half a century. I know the last forty-three years of my life is owing solely to their use. Your Pills saved me many times after the best medical skill in several States had given me up as hopeless. I have many converts to purgation with Brandredth's Pills, and have seen them perform almost miracles of cure. For children, a few doses have cured measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough. In all female troubles and weakness I have never known them to fail. In adult males I have known them to cure the worst cases of dyspepsia, dysentery and diarrhœa: even dropsy, paralysis and apoplexy have yielded to the persistent course of Brandreth's Pills. In fact I have found them the true Life Elixir. They act as continual preventives against the effects of time, disease and labor. John H. Mann

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist, it is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum, or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.



GENUINE FAC-SIMILE—Prominent Letters, ALL white on a black ground.

Beware of dealers who attempt to palm off IMITATION, SUBSTITUTION or WORTHLESS goods which yield them a LARGER PROFIT. None are genuine without the

☞ SAFE. ☜

H. H WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.Y

THE NEW PATENT

DUST-PROOF

STEM WINDING OPEN FACE CASE,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

American Watch Co.,

WALTHAM, MASS.

This case is formed in one solid piece without joint or seam, opening in *front only*, thus avoiding the usual *Cap*, and securing greater strength and durability.

These Watches are all *open face*. The bezel, into which an extra strong crystal is fitted with an especially prepared water-proof cement, is attached to the case by screwing it thereon, and thus forms an air-tight junction with the body of the case, which is proof against dust and moisture.

To railroad men, travellers, miners, lumbermen and others who are almost constantly exposed and who have to make frequent reference to the watch, these qualities are of the utmost importance.

The following letters tell their own story.

"Valdosta, Geo., July 26, 1882.

"I sold one of your Patent Dust Proof Cases about ten months ago, and the other day it came back to me with the request to make it wind easier. On examination I found that the stem was rusty, and I inquired into the cause of it. The gentleman stated to me that he was starting some saw-logs that had lodged in the bend of the river, when his chain caught in a bush and threw his watch into about twelve feet of water, and he was about two hours finding it. When he got it out it was running and he thought all right. In about three months he found that the stem was hard to turn and sent it to me.

I can say that the watch is all that the company claims for it and recommend it to all railroad and mill men. L. W. BENTLY."

"Clinton, Iowa, April 29, 1881.

"I wish you would send me a spring for the Wm. Ellery Watch. * * * By the way this Ellery is a watch I sold in your Screw Bezel Case to a farmer last fall. The first of January he lost the watch in the woods, and found it this week in about one foot of water. It had lain three months and over in snow and water, with but slight injury to the watch—only a hair-spring. C. S. RAYMOND."

The above were very severe tests—and demonstrate beyond a doubt, that for any reasonable length of time during which a watch might be under water it would receive no injury whatever.

We make these cases in both gold and silver, and as a **Perfectly Dust Proof Stem Winding Watch Case, Challenge the World to Produce its Equal.**

For Sale by all First-Class Jewelers.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF RADCLIFFE and MULBERRY STREETS, where he will be happy to see his old patrons and as many new ones as choose to favor him with a call. All Dental work promptly attended to in the most skillful manner, at reasonable rates.

Thanks for past favors.

G. W. ADAMS, D. D. S., Bristol, Pa.

NOTICE

The Great Reduction in Patent Medicines.

Hop Bitters, 65c; Warner's Safe Kidney Cure, 85c; Mrs Pinkham's Veg Comp., 70c; Horsford's Acid Phosphate, 15c; Wyeth's Beef, Wine and Iron, 65c; Parker's Ginger Tonic, 35c; Hoff's Malt Extract 30c; Cuticura Resolvent, 75c; Aspargo, 18c; Hoofland's German Bitters, 70c; Brown's Iron Bitters, 70c; Samaritan Nervine, $1; Allen's Brain Food, 70c; West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, 50; Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, 75c; Radway's Relief, 45c; Resolvent, 75c; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 70c; Baker's Cod Liver Oil, 60c. Hundreds of other medicines at same reductions. J. P. MILLER, M.D., 15 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY —OF— PIONEER LIFE

A popular account of the Heroes and Adventurers, who by their Valor and War-craft beat back the Savages from the borders of civilization and gave the American forests to the plow and the sickle.

By A. L. MASON with an introduction by Dr J. C. RIDPATH. 1000 pp. 100 magnificent Illust's. Specimen pp. free. AGENTS WANTED. Jones Bros. & Co., CINCINNATI, O.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN SHERWOOD late of Bristol township, deceased.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned upon the above estate, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

ISABELLA H. SHERWOOD,
WILLIAM B. BAKER,
Executors, Bristol, Pa.

Or, B. F. Gilkeson, their Attorney.



SINGING DOLLS, $2.50 UPWARDS. Clarionas, $8. Organettes, $8 to $14. Tournaphones, $20. Mus. Cabinets, $75, On which ANY ONE can play ALL MUSIC. COMBINATION ORGAN, $175. Being both an Orguinette and Regular Keyboard Organ. WM. BLASIUS, Gen'l Agt., AGENTS WANTED. 923 Chestnut St. Phila.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE TUCKER SPRING PAD TRUSS FOR HERNIA AND RUPTURE. Holds the rupture with greater ease to the patient than any other. Acknowledged by patients, physicians, and dealers to be superior to all others. Supported by a non-elastic belt. No body spring. No chafing. A perfect appliance for the relief of Hernia. W. J. STONER, 819 Arch St., Philad'a, Pa.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

SALESMEN WANTED.—To sell Nursery Stock. Full line of valuable specialties. Permanent employment and salary to successful agents. Address, giving age and references, JAS. M. EDWARDS, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country, and earn $6 to $12 per week, making goods for our Fall and Winter trade. Send 15c. for sample and particulars. Hudson Mfg. Co., 265 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

DIVORCES—No publicity; residents of any State. Desertion, Non-Support. Advice and applications for stamp. W. H. LEE, Att'y, 289 B'way, N.Y.

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15 E. STATE ST. — TRENTON, N. J.

Notwithstanding the bold assertions of certain clothiers, concerning their goods and prices, the undisputable fact remains, that

BARWIS,

The "Nobby" Tailor,

Stands pre-eminently ahead of them all in prices, and accuracy of fit.

129 N. GREENE STREET,

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UNDERWEAR.

Men's in all grades, from 35c. to $4.50 a piece. Ladies', white and red from 35c. to $2.50. Children's, white, red and grey, 15c. to $1.50

GENTS' FINE NECK WEAR!

The Latest Styles in all the New Shades, Wide Stripes, Large Dots and Party Shades.

KNIT JACKETS!

Men's, Ladies' and Boys', in the following Shades: Black, Brown, Blue, Garnet, Green, Gray, Drab and Scarlet, from 75c. to $5.00.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS!

Men's and Boy's, Laundried and Unlaundried, in white and colored

GLOVES! GLOVES!

Fur, Kid, Castor Cloth, Wool, Buck, Sheep and Dog Skin, Lined and Unlined

Rubber Coats from $2.00 to $6.00. Umbrellas from 50c. to $8.00.

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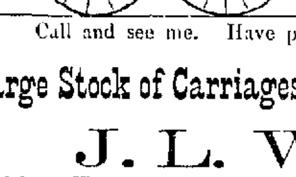
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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE,

AT MY STABLES,

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25 HEAD OF

Good Young Horses.

Also, a lot of

FINE BROKE YOUNG MULES.

Call and see me. Have plenty of Good Stock at all times

A Large Stock of Carriages and Harness always on hand.

J. L. WEBER,

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MILLER & HARTMAN,

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ALL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

All orders promptly attended to.

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AT LANING'S

NEW

Boot and Shoe Store,

CORNER WARREN AND PERRY ST.,

OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL,

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A BEAUTIFUL DOLL GIVEN WITH EVERY PAIR OF SHOES.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits," our motto.

Call and examine for yourself.

LANING'S,

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EYE GLASSES

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FINEST QUALITY.

A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

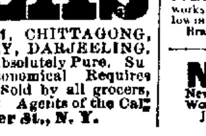
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Pianos and Organs $30 and upwards.

WAY'S Swift-Sure OINTMENT

Cures Piles, itching, blind and bleeding; Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworms, Ulcers, Chilblains, Pimples, all Skin Diseases. The best Ointment in the world. The people to be the judge. All Druggists. Wholesale by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PURE INDIA TEAS

From the Districts of ASSAM, CHITTAGONG, CACHAR, KANGRA VALLEY, DARJEELING, DEHRA DOON, and others. Absolutely Pure. Superior in Flavor. The most economical. Requires only half the usual quantity. Sold by all grocers. JOHN C. PHILLIPS & CO. Agents of the Calcutta Tea Syndicate, 130 Water St., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

$300,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY FREE!

WITH SIX PER CENT INTEREST IN CASH from time of presentation. SECURELY GUARANTEED. Certificates entitling the owner to full participation in all the profits of the entire business of GOULD & CO., and part ownership of their valuable properties. Ten Stores and Manufactory.

In forming a mutually advantageous Fair Stock Organization, ... Gould's ... Furniture ... Company at Philadelphia, ... Pennsylvania, ... THIS DATE to MAKE EACH and EVERY PURCHASER and CUSTOMER ... part OWNERS of the ENTIRE PROPERTIES and FULL PARTICIPATORS IN ALL THE PROFITS FREE OF ANY COST, by PRESENTING ... from One to One Thousand Shares of Capital Stock of said Company to every cash customer at the time of their purchasing Furniture or other Goods to the amount of Ten Dollars, or more of Gould & Co.

300,000 SHARES are to BE GIVEN AWAY FREE OF COST!

Each certificate bearing interest at SIX PER CENT IN CASH AT ONCE, with Principal in all THE PROFITS ... [illegible] ... TRANSFER to the COMPANY all the REAL ESTATE represented in ...

THREE LARGE AND VERY VALUABLE BLOCKS OF PROPERTY

Nos. ... Store Property N. E. Corner Ninth and Market Streets. Stores ... Stores and Manufactory ... Street. Some of the most valuable property in Philadelphia.

To be Clear of all Indebtedness Whatever,

[illegible] ... THIS IS DESIRABLE TO MAKE EVERYONE A SHAREHOLDER AND SO TO AWAY WITH MONOPOLY ... [illegible] ... JOHN H. GOULD ALSO PRESENTS TO THE COMPANY 100,000 SHARES OF THE STOCK ... [illegible] ... There can be no better or safer Investment.

FROM ONE TO ONE THOUSAND SHARES GIVEN FREE

to every purchaser of Furniture to the amount of Ten Dollars ... THIS LIBERAL ARRANGEMENT IS INTENDED TO DO AWAY WITH ALL MONOPOLY BY CO-OPERATION. A limited number of the shares will also be sold for cash. ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE, drawing Six Per cent interest from date of purchase. MAKE PROFITS FOR YOURSELVES by purchasing Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, etc. of GOULD & CO., Largest, Cheapest and Best Stores in the World. GET VALUABLE SHARES IN THE COMPANY FOR NOTHING. That will PAY YOU BACK MORE IN INTEREST THAN YOU EXPEND OR CAN GET BY ANY OTHER INVESTMENT.

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JOHN H. GOULD.

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PERSONAL INSURANCE

IN THE

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LIFE AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Paid-up Cash Capital, - $600,000

Every dollar of which is pledged for payment of Policies.

Solid Cash Assets, - $6,667,000
Total Liabilities, - 4,992,000
Surplus to Policy-holders, 1,675,000

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Of all ... desirable forms, on the Low Rate, All-Cash Stock Plan. No notes or "dividends," ... Contract definite ...

Claims paid in Life Department over $2,500,000

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Covering death or ... disabling injury by accident, are written at short notice, for a month or a year. ... Combine ... Life and Accident Policy ... [illegible]

Amount Accident Claims Paid, $5,000,000

COST OF YEARLY ACCIDENT POLICY

Amount Insured	Weekly Indemnity	Class Pref'd	Class Ex Pref'd	Class Ord'y	Class Medium
$1,000	$5.00	$5.00	$6.00	$7.50	$10.00
2,000	10.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00
[illegible]	15.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	22.50	30.00
5,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	40.00
10,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	60.00	75.00	[illegible]

Preferred Class includes Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers, Merchants, Clerks, Bankers, Book keepers, Teachers, etc.

Extra Preferred Class includes Commercial Agents, Traveling Men, Book Agents, Insurance Adjusters, etc.

Ordinary Class includes Architects, Glaziers, Painters, Shoemakers, Railroad Superintendents, Machinists, Operatives in Woolen Mills etc.

Medium Class includes Passenger Conductors, Car ..., Blacksmiths, Farmers, Butchers, Stage Drivers, etc.

More hazardous employments at proportionate rates.

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For Catarrh in any form, and all diseases of the Mucous Membrane. Highly recommended by the medical faculty. SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS, J. DuBOIS & SON, EVERETT, PENNA.

For sale at HOGUET'S Pioneer Drug Store.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Is proving the *grandest success* of all the Twain Series. A genuine bonanza to BOOK AGENTS. For terms and territory, address DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. 7th St., Philada.

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